SHERLOCK'S

LETTERS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

These LETTERS *are entered at* STATIONERS-HALL.

LETTERS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

BY THE

Rev. MARTIN SHERLOCK, A.M.
Chaplain to the Right Honourable
THE EARL OF BRISTOL.

From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere.

POPE.

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MDCCLXXXI.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL

OF

BRISTOL,

LORD BISHOP OF DERRY, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE first Societies of London and Paris praiſe your talents and good-breeding. The firſt Artiſts of Italy praiſe your taſte. All the world praiſes your heart.

What then is left for me to ſay, but that I am, with the warmeſt gratitude, and with the moſt profound reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

MARTIN SHERLOCK.

PREFACE.

I Think a book looks awkward without a preface, otherwiſe I ſhould not write one to this; for, in truth, I have nothing to ſay. I aſk no indulgence; I bid no defiance; I am, what I wiſh England was, at peace with all the world; and I demand of my reader nothing but candour.

PREFACE.

LETTERS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

LETTER I.

To my Friend at Paris.

BUT why will you not come to London? I am anxious to repay you the civilities you ſhewed me at Paris. You hate England, but you love the Engliſh: I love France as little as you do England; but I aſſure you I moſt ſincerely

ſincerely eſteem a number of your countrymen, and none of them more ſincerely than yourſelf. You will not come, you ſay, 'till the peace is made. I hope, for *your* ſake, we ſhall beat you; for if we do, you will be better received.

As *Le Roi* is the grand idea that fills your mind at home, ſo I take it for granted our King is the firſt object that will engage your attention here. I think I can tell pretty nearly what you will ſay of him on your return, as well as of our capital. You will let me know after if I have gueſſed right.

You will ſay then, that he repreſents majeſty better than any Sovereign you have ſeen except the Pope. Thus far only you can judge for yourſelf. The

reſt

reſt of your judgements muſt be collected from the opinions of the different claſſes of his ſubjects. The people here don't flatter; but always give their *worſt of thoughts the worſt of words.* You may truſt their account of him implicitly; and it is indeed a very flattering account for him. They will tell you that he has all manner of good qualities, and no bad ones; that he is humane and pious; that he loves his Queen, his children, and his people; that he is very benevolent, and never did nor ſaid an ill-natured thing; to which they add, that he has no capricious expences, and that he is very temperate in his manner of living. Thus far the people. Men of letters and artiſts praiſe him becauſe he encourages

encourages genius, and rewards with royal munificence every ſpecies of ſuperior merit. Perſons of rank, who ſee him nearer, ſay, that his manners are obliging; his underſtanding, ſolid; his taſte, good; and that he is poſſeſſed of very extenſive knowledge.

To all this they add but one ſhade; they ſay he is obſtinate. Obſtinacy, in the language of courtiers, you know, is ſteadineſs. Where one ends, and the other begins, is not perhaps ſo eaſy to determine. The exceſs of a virtue is generally a fault; and as the people, who have nothing to hope or fear, and who really love the King, ſay he is obſtinate, you will probably be rather inclined

clined to believe them than the courtiers.

Upon the whole, you will find him a great and amiable Prince; and you will regret, as I did, that he had not a friend in the No-popery mob to burn St. James's (1) palace, for he is, without exception, the worſt-lodged Sovereign in Europe.

After *le Roi* you will no doubt think of *la Reine*. Our Queen is neither a Wit nor a Beauty. She is prudent, well-informed, has an excellent underſtanding, and is very charitable. I ſpent three months in the country where ſhe

(1) It is doing great violence to language to call this building a palace: it looks like the offices to Marlborough-palace.

was

was born; and the people there have quick conceptions, and are well-natured. Her Majesty has an elegant person, good eyes, good teeth, a Cleopatra nose, and fine hair. The expression of her countenance is pleasing and interesting; it is full of sense and good temper. She loves domestic pleasures; is fonder of diamonds than the Queen of France; as fond of snuff as the King of Prussia; is extremely affable, very pious, and is praised by all the world at home and abroad.

If you had never seen any capital but Paris, London would appear to you a most magnificent city. It's streets, squares, &c. are infinitely superior to yours. But as you have seen all the

great towns of Holland, Germany, and Italy, I do not think London will make many violent impreſſions on you. It is larger, better lighted, and more convenient for foot-paſſengers than any city you have ſeen; but the ideas which I think will ſtrike you moſt, are, the goodneſs of the horſes, the richneſs of the ſhops, and the ſhapes, ſkins, and complexions of the women.

However, if London be ſuperior to Paris in the *enſemble*, it is not ſo in the detail. You will in vain look here for five hundred palaces, you will not find fifty. You will go to our opera, and you will expect pleaſures equal to thoſe you feel at your own. You will be diſappointed again. The opera of London

don is inferior to that of Paris in every reſpect, except in ſinging. You will ſeek a walk as *agreeable* as the *Grande allée* of the *Palais Royal*, and a garden as *ſplendid* as that of Tuilleries. You will find neither. Our park is neither a pleaſing nor an intereſting walk, and is extremely diſagreeable to the feet. You muſt not, however, ſay that here, for we are proud of our park. As I know you are ſincere, and never ſpeak but what you think, when any one aſks you how you like the park, tell them Richmond is charming.

The London Theatres will not enchant you, unleſs you ſtay long enough to know our language better than Voltaire did. If you come to underſtand

it well enough to acquire once a relish for Shakspeare, you will think no more of Racine after, than you will of St. Paul's church after seeing St. Peter's at Rome. It will be eating a peach after a pine-apple.

But if you are not charmed with St. Paul's church, you will with the Pantheon. It is the noblest and finest room in Europe. See it filled, and you will have an idea of the splendor and opulence of the people of this town. When we were at Rome together, you remember there were one night at a masquerade, near the end of the carnaval, twelve hundred people, who paid (1) eighteen-

(1) Three Pauls.

pence each for entrance; and the Romans talked of it as a mighty matter. The keeper of this room told me there were one night at a maſquerade eighteen hundred perſons, who gave two guineas a piece for their tickets.

Weſtminſter abbey will make no great effect on you. You have better Gothic buildings in France. You have alſo better ſculpture than any it contains. But there is not, either in France, or in any other part of the world, a repoſitory of the dead that will intereſt you ſo much. It is the Elyſian Fields of England, where every claſs of diſtinguiſhed excellence has it's portion allotted to it. Patriots and Warriors, Philoſophers and Princes, Garricks and Shakſpeares, have each

each of them their place. They ſeem to ſtop the traveller, and ſay; "Admire a "(1) grateful country, which honoured "us when living, and which reſpects our "memory when dead." O talents! bleſſed is your lot in every quarter of the globe; in England it is glorious as well as happy.

The Guards will pleaſe you even after thoſe of Potſdam. There are a great many handſome men amongſt them; and they go through their exerciſe with as much regularity as the Pruſſian troops, though not near with ſo much quickneſs.

(1) How different is the language of Scipio's tomb at *Torre di Patria*;

"Ingrata Patria, ne quidem oſſa habebis."

But of all the impreſſions that will be made on you, I believe the ſtrongeſt will be from a very common circumſtance which you will meet frequently in our ſtreets. We have here vocal performers, as you have, who ſing verſes to the crowd. You will hear them, in thoſe ſongs, mention the names of the firſt perſons in the miniſtry, and load them with the moſt opprobrious language you can imagine. I bought yeſterday one of theſe compoſitions; and if a man of rank at Paris had ſaid *indirectly* half as much againſt one of your miniſters in any company, he would ſleep that night in the Baſtile. The indecency of this will ſhock you; but I know no country where there are ſo many ſhameful viola-

tions of public (1) decency to be met with as in this.

In my next, I ſhall give you ſome account of our firſt-rate Geniuſes, Wits, and Beauties, and a ſhort hiſtory of the preſent ſtate of arts, letters, and manners amongſt us. *Vale, hoſtium dilectiſſime.*

(1) To attempt to keep a large city free from vice, would be ridiculous; becauſe it is ridiculous to attempt impoſſibilities. But a tolerable decency of manners ought to be expected; becauſe we ſee it is practicable, and to be met with to a certain degree every where elſe.

LETTER II.

WHAT is Love?

" C'eſt un Dieu, mon maitre,
" Et qui l'eſt, belle Iris, du berger & du roi,
" Il eſt fait comme vous, il (1) penſe comme
" moi,
" Mais il eſt plus hardi peutêtre:"

was the extempore anſwer given by that elegant poet, and worthy character, the Cardinal de Bernis, to a lady who aſked him the queſtion. I like your definition, ſaid the Marchioneſs, it is gallant; but I like my own better, though it is only in

(1) He meant *ſent*, but it would not have made out the line.

proſe;

proſe; *C'eſt l'etoffe de la nature brodée par l'imagination.*

As Love is the moſt amiable and the moſt intereſting of the paſſions, there is ſcarce a Wit or a Philoſopher from Plato to Farquhar that has not written upon it. They ſeem to have thought it a ſort of duty to write upon this ſubject, and have all treated it differently, according to their different characters, experience, and feelings. Cherry's account of it is very *je-ne-ſais-quoiiſh*. "It is ſhe knows "not what; it comes ſhe knows not how; "and goes ſhe knows not when." Petrarch and Plato confined it wholly to ſpirit; and made the moſt exquiſite of human joys conſiſt in the pure but voluptuous union of two ſympathiſing

ſouls. The modern Italians, compoſed of ſomewhat groſſer elements, and incapable of reliſhing the ſublime refinements of Plato and of Petrarch, run unfortunately into an oppoſite extreme; and as the Poet and Philoſopher had totally excluded *body* from their ſyſtem of love; ſo theſe corrupt and unhallowed Moderns baniſh from theirs every idea of *ſoul*. The French, I fear, rather incline to the ſyſtem of their impure neighbours; and though the excluſion of ſoul is not abſolutely neceſſary in France, as it almoſt appears to be in Italy, yet, I repeat it, I am afraid that it does not enter ſo much as it ought to do in the commerce of the ſexes; and that the indulging the ſenſes, in general, is preferred

ferred to the more delicate raptures and bliſſes of ſentiment.

What is *my* definition of it? Thank you, Ma'am; that is the very queſtion I was going to anſwer. *It is a deep and tender* (1) *friendſhip accompanied by deſire.* It is very rarely to be met with in the world; oftener in England than any where elſe; and much oftener among women than among men.

What the Italians call love is downright ſenſuality; and its object is ſimple corporeal gratification. Enjoyment always puts an end to their paſſion; and when the curioſity of the parties is tolerably ſatisfied, connections are daily diſ-

(1) You will aſk again, what I mean by friendſhip? I mean, what Tully meant by it; *The union of good people founded upon virtue.*

ſolved

ſolved by mutual conſent. In that country then love is fervid, boiling, and impetuous; and, were not its impulſes checked by the fear of danger ariſing from the jealouſy and revenge of rivals, the commerce between the ſexes would be brought pretty nearly to the ſame footing that it is on among the brute creation. It *is* brought to that footing among the lower claſſes of the people at Naples, with whom nothing is more common than public and promiſcuous cohabitation.

In France, the God of love aſſumes another form. He is not ſo warm or ſo groſs as he is in Italy. He is ſportive, fanciful, and voluptuous. The women are too lively and coquettiſh to make,

and

and the men too light and diſſipated to receive, very deep impreſſions. Love, then, with the French is, in reality, but gallantry, and it's principal object is amuſement.

My definition then is drawn from England. I cannot ſpare a word out of it; they are all precious. Love can no more exiſt without *friendſhip* than it can without deſire; nor can it exiſt without *deſire* more than it can without friendſhip. Of friendſhip the ſole foundation is virtue: now the Engliſh women are univerſally allowed to be the moſt virtuous in Europe. One of the chief traits which diſtinguiſhes them is ſenſibility; and ſenſibility is the immediate parent of all that is tender, ſoft, and gentle.

Hence

Hence then comes the word *tender* into my definition. I have now only to ſhew the propriety and importance of the word *deep*.

Neither deep thinking nor deep feeling can ever come but from ſolitude. Do you believe Sir Iſaac Newton had his hair dreſſed in a morning, to dine in one houſe, to viſit in ſix, to ſup in a ſeventh, and then finiſh his evening at a maſquerade? As then the underſtanding has need of retirement, to purſue uninterruptedly a train of thinking; ſo, be aſſured, the heart has need of ſolitude, to have impreſſions ſink deep in it, to fix its attention to a particular point, and to keep it from being diſtracted by a multiplicity of objects.

Now

Now the women of England, from natural character, from education, and from habit, pass more of their time at home and in the country, than the women of any other nation. When once a favourable impression is made upon them, their hearts are totally engrossed by it: it is the perpetual food of their souls. Their sentiments then are as *profound* as they are *soft*; and hence appear the importance and propriety of the word *deep* in my definition.

Wherever the seat of love in women may be fixed; whether in the heart, as in England; in the head, as in France; or in any other part, as among the Italian ladies; certain it is that the *Marquise's* account of it is equally just. Whatever

be

be the ground-work that a woman ſees in a lover, her imagination aggrandizes and embroiders it moſt furiouſly: and hence the neceſſity, that my letter may finiſh with a moral, of turning girls minds early to appreciate real merit in men; of making them ſee that a ſtate of love is the only happy ſtate this ſide the grave; that *that* love alone is ſure and laſting which is fixed upon eſteem; that eſteem comes only from virtue; and that virtue in characters is rarely ſolid but when it is accompanied by good ſenſe. The more virtues a man has, the better is Madam's chance for happineſs. If he be brave, generous, ſincere, humane, and ſenſible, he can ſcarce make a bad father to her children; or be want-

ing

ing in the great duties he owes her as a wife, or in thoſe daily leſſer attentions, which conſtitute ſo conſiderable a part of the happineſs of women.

Concluſion: that women ought to look chiefly for ſenſe and virtue in huſbands; provided always, *as an indiſpenſible clauſe*, that there be nothing in the formation of the ſaid huſband, diſagreeable to the ſight, the hearing, or the touch.

P. S. Many people fall in love from vanity. Miſs wiſhes to poſſeſs Miſter, becauſe he is admired in the world for his wit, his perſon, or for his graceful dancing. She reaſons upon her huſband as ſhe does upon her ear-rings and her equipage. She thinks ſhe partakes the

praiſe

praiſe beſtowed upon them. This is one reaſon: and then it is ſuch a delightful thing to be envied! What I have ſaid here is almoſt as true of young men, as it is of women. But the great general ſource of this paſſion is *Self-love*; and is very happily expreſſed in a line of a ſweet old ſong;

"And I love my Love, *becauſe I know my Love*
"*loves me.*"

LET-

LETTER III.

THERE was no mediocrity in Shakſpeare. All he has writ is enchanting or execrable. Pope ſays, in the beginning of his Preface to his edition of this poet's works: "It is not my deſign "to enter into a criticiſm upon this au- "thor; though to do it effectually, and "not ſuperficially, would be the beſt oc- "caſion that any juſt writer could take "to form the judgement and taſte of "our nation."

Pope's idea is certainly a juſt one; but it is not practicable. Faults and beauties are ſo thickly ſown in Shak-

ſpeare, and ſo intermixed, it would take twenty volumes to ſeparate them. I think I conceive how it might be done, and I ſhall here attempt a ſpecimen.

Nothing is to be ſaid of the plans of his pieces. They are, properly ſpeaking, no plans at all. I don't believe he ever formed one, except that of the Merry Wives of Windſor. The reſt are all taken from hiſtories, novels, and romances, which he took as he found them, and rendered them fit for dramatic repreſentation. His plans then, conſidered in the whole, are not his own; and conſequently neither entitle him to cenſure or praiſe. He took, for example, Plutarch's Life of Brutus, and threw it into dialogue. If this fable be

good,

good, the merit is Plutarch's; if it is bad, the faults cannot be Shakſpeare's.

But if he never formed a plan for a play, he always did for a ſcene; and ſome of his ſcenes are indiſputably the beſt planned, as well as the beſt executed, that ever were imagined. Plutarch ſays, Caſſius worked upon Brutus to gain him over to the conſpiracy. He ſays after, Brutus and Caſſius quarrelled. On theſe two words Shakſpeare founds two ſcenes. Examine thoſe ſcenes, that of Iago working on Othello, and the trial-ſcene in the Merchant of Venice; and then anſwer if any writer of any country ever produced ſcenes ſuperior to them in point of plan and conduct. This and the Merry Wives of Windſor

prove evidently his capacity to create good plans, but he saw they would be useless. The age was not sufficiently enlightened to taste regular pieces: they were fond of seeing in action the novels and histories which they were fond of reading; and Shakspeare, who thought only of making his fortune, complied with the reigning fashion of the times.

This single circumstance of want of plan in this author is an insurmountable difficulty to his ever succeeding in France. The people of that country consider a rational and regular plan as the first indispensible article in a play; and it certainly must be allowed to be a very great one. This it is that constitutes the grand merit of Racine, who is

their ſtandard of perfection. You may eaſily imagine I do not mean that this is the merit of this poet which captivates the French in general. No; they are charmed by the ſweetneſs of his verſification, the elegance of his language, and by the tenderneſs of his ſituations and ſentiments. It is with the poets and true critics that this has ſo much and ſo juſt weight.

The famous Chancellor D'Agueſſeau has ſaid, "The Engliſh do not know "how to make a book." Wherever Voltaire found a ſtriking thought, no matter whether true or falſe, he always conſidered it as legal plunder, and never failed to appropriate it to himſelf. He has repeated this aſſertion in the words

of the Chancellor; and all the French have repeated it after him. Many people will exclaim, What nonsense! Have not the English made hundreds of books? These writers mean, the English do not make the plan of a book in their heads before they begin to write it. I am not sure that all my readers will understand me. I must explain myself by an example. The cities of Turin, Nancy, and Philadelphia were all planned before one house was begun to be built. There was no plan formed for the building of London and Paris. This is what the French mean about books. They would have the Whole imagined, and the disposition of each part settled, before an author entered

upon the execution of a work. This was Racine's manner of writing; and hence his answer to Lewis the Fourteenth: The King had given him a subject for a tragedy; and, some time after, asked him if it was finished? Racine, who had made the plot, and arranged the scenes in his head, answered, "Yes, Sire, I have only to write it."

Nothing can be said of Shakspeare's plans, except that he has none; or that if he has, they are not his own. And why did he not make plans? I know no answer, except that he did not chuse it.

All this is digression. I return. I shall take the seventh scene of the third act of Romeo and Juliet, because it is short, and because I am fond of it. But this must be the subject of another letter.

LETTER IV.

JULIET.

WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree;
Believe me, Love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, Love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yon light is not day light, I know it well;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.

ROM. Let me be taken; let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay yon gray is not the morning-eye;
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
I'll ſay, 'tis not the lark whoſe notes do bear
The vaulty heavens ſo high above our heads;
Come death and welcome. Juliet wills it ſo.
What ſays my Love? let's talk, it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence away, be gone;
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROM. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.
Farewel, my Love: one kiſs, and I'll be gone.

The conception of this whole ſcene is entirely new, and very happy indeed.

The laſt time we have ſeen Juliet is when ſhe ſays to her Nurſe,

Give this ring to my true lord,
And bid him come to *take his laſt farewell.*

We now ſee her with her lover at a window which looks into a garden. To this window is fixed a ladder of ropes. Her firſt words are; *Wilt thou be gone?*— Anſwer, new-married wives who love your huſbands, is that the language of nature and of truth? Is it not with ſuch ſweet and artleſs eloquence as Juliet uſes you would endeavour to detain them?

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the *nightingale*, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, Love, it *was* the nightingale.

Of

Of these five lines four are inimitably beautiful. They strike at first sight, and improve at every reading. The last line is peculiarly happy. After having endeavoured to impose upon herself by,

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree,

she endeavours to impose upon Romeo, and finishes as she had begun,

Believe me, Love, it *was* the nightingale.

With what art has the poet kept the word *Love* for the last line, and thrown it in just before the point she wishes to persuade! It is not certainly the weakest part of Juliet's argument.

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear

appears to me to be bad. Romeo, sunk

in

in the luxury of love, hears a bird ſing; he ſtarts from Juliet's arms, and cries, "I hear the lark, and muſt be gone." Shakſpeare ſuppreſſes this, but lets us know it by making Juliet ſay, "It was "the nightingale which you heard, and "which alarmed you." He wanted to expreſs theſe two thoughts in a line. *That pierc'd the hollow of thine ear* ſays, which you heard; and *fearful* ſays, which alarmed you. Any one who tries, will not find it eaſy to expreſs theſe two thoughts in ten ſyllables better than Shakſpeare has done. However, he has done it ill. *Pierc'd* is well; *fearful* is well; and *pierc'd thy fearful ear* would not have been amiſs; but *pierc'd the hollow of thine ear* is a periphraſis that bor-

ders

ders upon bombaſt. The line conſidered abſtractedly is a fine-ſounding line, but it is not of a colour with the reſt. It is ſcarlet placed beſide pea-green. The thoughts are juſt, but the harmony of colouring is deſtroyed.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale—

Good break.

Look, Love, what envious ſtreaks

envious is well;

Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder Eaſt.

Lace, perhaps, too poetical for the ſituation; *Do* an expletive.—Good line, however.

Night's

Night's candles are burnt out—

Very bad, conſider it as you will.

and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops.

Fine poetry; but Romeo ſhould not have ſaid *jocund*.

I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua,
Then ſtay awhile, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.

The firſt and laſt lines well; the other three, in my mind, far-fetched and ill; but may be defended.

Romeo is now to anſwer; and what would an ordinary poet have made him

ſay? He would have made him repeat that it *was* day-break, and that the light encreaſed; but Shakſpeare was no ordinary poet, and Romeo anſwers;

Let me be taken; let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay yon gray is not the morning eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
I'll ſay 'tis not the lark, whoſe notes do bear.
The vaulty heavens ſo high above our heads:
Come death and welcome. Juliet wills it ſo.
What ſays my Love? let's talk, it is not day.

The two laſt lines enchanting; all the reſt well, except

'Tis not the lark, whoſe notes do bear
The vaulty heavens ſo high above our heads:

That is bad writing: it is not intelligible. It is not the lark whoſe notes

are

are ſo high in the air, I ſuppoſe, he meant. Clearneſs is the firſt excellence of every ſpecies of writing. That paſſage is very dark; and if Shakſpeare wrote it as it is printed, he wrote ill.

Before I mention Juliet's reply, recollect what ſhe ſaid laſt;

Yon light is not day light; I know it well.....
...Then ſtay awhile, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.

What does ſhe ſay now?

It is, it is, hie hence, away, be gone.

Happy, happy, happy line. I do not think there ever was a better one written. Juliet ſays but two words; "It is, "be gone;" but ſhe repeats one twice, and the other three times.

Rom. Come death, and welcome. Juliet wills it ſo.
What ſays my Love? Let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, away, be gone.

I ſhould have known the touches of Shakſpeare in theſe three lines, had I met them in India. This was the kind of writing that made Pope ſay; "The "poetry of Shakſpeare was inſpiration "indeed; and that it was not ſo juſt to "ſay he was an imitator of Nature, as "to ſay he was her organ."

It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords and unpleaſing ſharps.

For Juliet to ſay, that the notes of the lark were at that time harſh and unpleaſing muſic, was neither an unnatural nor a far-fetched thought; but to make

her uſe the technical terms of *diſcords* and *ſharps* was bad taſte.

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROM. More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

O Shakſpeare, Shakſpeare, why did you not blot that line? It is too deteſtable to need a comment; and the ſcene ended ſo well without it;

Farewell, my Love; one kiſs, and I'll be gone.

LET-

LETTER V.

I Said that the paſſage of the meteor might be defended.

In another ſcene Shakſpeare makes Juliet ſay:

Come Night, come Romeo! come thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon the raven's back:
Give me my Romeo, Night, and when he dies,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.

If Lee had written this, we ſhould, no doubt, have imputed it to madneſs. But Shakſpeare was not a madman. We

all know his ſuperior excellence was drawing and ſupporting characters. Who is Juliet? A girl in love. What girl? An Italian girl. Of what age? Under eighteen: and Shakſpeare has marked this laſt circumſtance twice. Whoever has converſed with Italian women, muſt know that they have very extraordinary imaginations, and that when their fancies are heated by any paſſion (1), they utter things much nearer madneſs than this is.

Marini,

(1) What paſſion heats the fancy ſo much as love?—Hear Shakſpeare:

The lunatick, the lover and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold:
This is the madman: the lover all as frantick
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The

Marini, one of the firſt poets of Italy, has paſſages infinitely more extravagant than this; and thoſe paſſages are not characteriſtic ones, as this of Juliet's is, but where the poet ſpeaks himſelf. Almoſt all the very beſt poets of Italy have inordinate fallies as well as Marini, though they have not ſo many of them. If then thoſe writers, who had ripe years and cool judgements to correct their

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. M. N. D.

Shakſpeare had three particular individuals in his mind when he wrote theſe lines; Oreſtes, Marc Antony, and Himſelf.

compoſitions after they were written, are frequently full of wildneſs and nonſenſe, how evident is it that a *young* romantic girl of that country, violently in love for the firſt time, ſhould utter almoſt the language of frenzy! And how faithful to Nature and to Truth is the painter who has given us her portrait!

How Shakſpeare came to be well acquainted with the Italian women, whether by knowing ſome of them in London, or by ſeizing their characters in the Italian Novels, with the ſame penetration with which he ſeized thoſe of Brutus and Coriolanus from reading Plutarch, I cannot tell. But no man ſhall perſuade me that Juliet and Roſalind, under the influence of the ſame paſſion,

ſhall

ſhall utter ſuch different ſentiments in ſuch different language, and that all that difference is purely accidental.

It is ſome meteor which the ſun exhales
To be this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;

may be defended on this ground. I have not dared to praiſe either of theſe paſſages, I have only ſaid I think they may be defended.

LETTER VI.

RUBENS ought to have been born in Italy; and Galileo in a country of freedom. But if Nature miſtook in giving one to Antwerp, and the other to Florence, ſhe did not miſtake in giving Shakſpeare to England, and Voltaire to France. The graceful elegance, the ſprightly brilliancy of the one were happily ſuited to the taſte of a lively and poliſhed people, as the nervous ſenſe and ſublime ſentiments of the other ſeem peculiarly calculated to pleaſe a nation, which has ever been diſtinguiſhed for ſolid thinking and elevated feelings.

The

The great ſecret in the commerce of life is to ſerve to every man the diſh that pleaſes his palate. Theſe two authors poſſeſſed this ſecret. They both wrote for the theatre, where the ſucceſs or fall of a compoſition is moſt rapid; where the dangers run are greateſt; and where the laurels won are moſt glorious. A dramatic writer is obliged to face a whole nation collected together. He muſt pleaſe the great, the middling, and the low. To pleaſe a palate, one muſt ſtudy that palate; and Voltaire and Shakſpeare ſtudied moſt minutely the taſtes of their reſpective countrymen; which is one principal cauſe of their having ſucceeded ſo eminently with them.

Lord

Lord Shaftesbury says pleasantly enough, that authors are professed *masters of understanding* to their age. *I*, however, do not presume to think myself capable of teaching my reader any thing. I do not even aim at giving him thoughts. I aim only to make him think. I throw out an idea: if the game started be worth following, he will have more pleasure and profit in running it down himself, than if I did it for him. If it is not worthy his attention, I do him a favour in not pressing him into the pursuit. I shall therefore bring those two poets together *for an instant*. This possibly may not be thought uninteresting as a literary subject, and as it throws some lights upon

certain

ertain parts of the two greateſt nations now exiſting.

Voltaire ſucceeded Racine; Boileau, Moliere: the firſt, the moſt perfect writer that perhaps ever lived; the ſecond, a moſt enlightened and ſevere critic; Moliere, a man of uncommon depth and penetration, who joined an extenſive knowledge of human nature to moſt minute acquaintance with the rules of his art; and who, though he entertains his reader better than any other comic writer, gives him ſtill more information than amuſement. Theſe three authors fixed the taſte of the French nation. This was the firſt great advantage Voltaire had over Shakſpeare. The taſte of his nation was *one*; conſequently

quently he had but one palate to pleaſe. That palate, it is true, was exquiſitely refined.

The next advantage he had was that of having the poetic language of his country aſcertained. Men of genius, from the impulſe of nature, had created materials (1): men of taſte, under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, had purified thoſe materials; Racine and Boileau had put them in uſe. What had Voltaire to do? The quarry was found; the ſtones were cut, nay, and poliſhed too; he had nothing to do but to lay them. It was all he *did* do; it was indeed *almoſt* all that was poſſible *for* him

(1) Language I mean.

o do. He could not create a new word, becauſe that was forbidden. All hat he could create was new combinations of words; to do *that*, required a little, but very little genius; however, hat little he wanted. Every poet in France will tell you he has added nothing to the language; and all he could have added to it was combinations (2).

What now was Shakſpeare's comparative ſituation? He came into a chaos

(2) I mean bringing together two words, which never had been brought together before; as,

The *bawdy wind* which kiſſes all it meets.

Thoſe two words were in the language, but Shakſpeare was the firſt who combined them. I quote this as a new combination, not a good one. You ſay it is bold. It is more than bold; it is audacious.

of

of taſtes, and into a chaos of language
There is no national taſte in Englan
at the hour I write. What muſt it hav
been in Queen Elizabeth's time? Whe
I ſay the Engliſh nation has no taſte,
do not ſay that there are not individual
in England who have great taſte. I al
ways ſupported the contrary; and neve
more ſtrongly than when I was in France
I ſaid the French nation had more taſt
than the Engliſh nation; but that there
was a number of individuals in England,
men and women, who had greater and
finer taſte than was to be met in any
other part of Europe. Pick a number
of perſons in England, and pick the
ſame number in France. The picked
Engliſhmen ſhall be ſuperior to the

picked

ficked Frenchmen. But ſtill two theſe-
res: the theatre in France ſhall be
nfinitely ſuperior to the theatre in Eng-
and. I ſhall explain the reaſon of this
reſently in another letter.

Shakſpeare then was forced to pleaſe
his chaos; and *to* pleaſe it, he was
orced to write a chaos. But what ver-
atility of talents muſt that man have
ad, to be able to command the admira-
ion of the greateſt Geniuſes and moſt
hining Wits of his country, and to cap-
ivate the loweſt of the people, and all
he intermediate claſſes between thoſe
xtremes!

Recollect now the ſituation in which
e found the Engliſh language, the dif-
iculties he had to ſtruggle with there,

and the degree of perfection to which he brought it. When you compare him in thoſe points with Voltaire, then judge them both by the moſt infallible of all criterions for dramatic writers, by their effects. Voltaire is univerſally admired by his nation, but I never met an enthuſiaſt that he made (3). I have ſcarce known an Engliſhman of parts, who had a taſte for poetry, that was not an enthuſiaſt for Shakſpeare.

Far from wiſhing to depreciate Voltaire as a dramatic writer, I confeſs that I admire him much. I do not love Cæſar leſs; but I love Rome more. I admire the garden of the Tuilleries;

(3) As a poet.

the

he Bay of Naples tranſports me. Shak-ſpeare's writings reſemble this bay; Vol-taire's pieces reſemble that garden. The one is uniform, noble, beautiful, fine. The eye takes in it's whole with eaſe; it's parts are diſtributed with judgement; it's ornaments are happily diſpoſed. Examined with minuteneſs, it is found free from faults; but it wants variety; it's extent is limited; and it's beauties are to be numbered (4). The other has defects. If you look into it minutely, you ſhall here diſcover a field of bram-bles, and there a frightful precipice. Here you ſhall behold a barren rock, and there you will ſee a miſerable cot-

(4) Numerabilis utpote parva.

tage. But it defies you to examine it minutely, without allowing yourſelf to be deſtitute of ſoul and ſenſe. Sublimity is its characteriſtic; and grandeur is every where blended with beauty. It's variety is endleſs; it's treaſures are inexhauſtible. The ſweeteſt hills, the loveliеſt vallies, the richeſt vineyards, and the brighteſt (5) coaſts are intermingled with ſmiling villages, with noble ſeats, and a moſt ſplendid and ample city. Here, groves of orange-trees and myrtle; there, woods of beeches and of oaks. The luxuriancy of theſe beauties is enchanting; the grandeur of the ſcene exceeds belief. A boundleſs ſea, a range

(5) Nullus in orbe locus Baiis *prælucet* amœnis.

of

of mountains, and an awful volcano fill not only the eye, but the ſoul and the imagination. Nature preſents no greater objects. Judge of their ſublimity by their effects. Veſuvius bellows, the earth ſhakes, the ſea ſwells, Pompeii is ſuffocated, and Stabia is overwhelmed. Another night this tremendous mountain roars, a flood of fire iſſues from it's womb, an univerſal cry of horror is heard from Herculaneum, a ſudden ſilence follows—the city is no more. No pen can paint theſe ſcenes: and I muſt cloſe, by ſaying, that both they and the garden excite admiration; but the garden of the Tuilleries was made by *Le Nautre*; the Bay of Naples was formed by the Deity.

LETTER VII.

MANY people have a kind of happy inſtinct in matters of taſte, and determine often rightly upon difficult ſubjects, without having any principles to direct their judgements. It is evident, that if thoſe perſons' natural faculties were cultivated, they would have better taſte than others. But Taſte being a combination of judgement and feelings, there never can be any *certainty* in the determination of a man whoſe judgement is not formed. To form the judgement, there is but one method. It is by making compariſons. To compare

two

two objects perfectly, one must understand them both. And hence it follows, that the first step towards acquiring a good taste is knowledge. Without knowledge no comparisons can be formed: without comparisons the judgement cannot be chastened; without judgement there can be no *sure* taste.

I shall explain myself by an example, which I shall take from sculpture; because, as it appears to me to be the simplest of all the arts, I shall have less trouble to make myself understood. A young man wants to acquire a taste for sculpture. If Nature has not given him feeling, he seeks an impossibility. If she *has* given him feeling, he must then acquire knowledge to form his judge-

ment, and this knowledge is to be acquired but by ſeeing ſtatues. A ſtatue is the imitation of a man or a woman. The firſt one he ſees, he will be able to ſay whether it reſembles a woman or a man; but he will not be able to ſay, whether or no it is a good ſtatue. *Good* is relative: it is only by comparing that ſtatue with a number of others he can be able to aſcertain its value.

Apollo is always repreſented as a beautiful youth. A hundred ſculptors, ancient and modern, have executed this ſubject. Shew a very indifferent one to a young man; and another very capital one to another young man; let them be the firſt ſtatues that either of them have

have ſeen; and their judgements upon the two will be probably the ſame. They will both ſay, that theſe two ſtatues are fine. He who has ſeen the indifferent Apollo, will be as much charmed as he who has ſeen the other; and his taſte will be equally good. This ſtatue is the beſt he has ever ſeen; and he is not to be blamed for admiring it. It is evident now that this man's taſte is not ſure; and it is evident that he is born with the means of making it ſo. Let him then ſee the Apollo of Girardon, that of Bernini, ſeveral others ancient and modern, and let him finiſh with the Apollo Belvedere. He will then have ſeen all that is moſt perfect in the art. If he examines each of theſe

ſtatues ſeparately with attention, and afterwards compares them together, he will acquire the power of aſcertaining the value of each, and of aſſigning to it it's true rank. The knowledge that he has obtained will form his judgement; his judgement will then direct his feelings; and that man will acquire a ſure and perfect taſte.

This reaſoning appears to me to be juſt, when applied to poetry, painting, eloquence, and all the other arts.

The Engliſh education, bad as it is, is the beſt in Europe. It is eſſentially bad in one point; and eſſentially ſtupid in another: bad, in not paying the ſmalleſt attention to the cultivation of the Engliſh language, one of the fineſt, in

every

every point of view, that ever exiſted: ſtupid, in making a youth paſs fourteen important years of his life, in learning as much Greek, Latin, and Science, as might very eaſily be acquired in ſix. However, there is none ſo good any where elſe. Every man of birth in England goes through a courſe of Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Science, and makes the tour of Europe. Thoſe advantages are aſtoniſhingly great, and ſuch as ſcarce any Frenchman has. The profit that a lad derives from this depends upon himſelf, and upon the perſons to whom he is entruſted. He may read Cicero and Demoſthenes, Taſſo and Milton, Racine and Moliere, and ſee the Transfiguration and the Apollo, without

out an atom of improvement. If he has parts and feeling, the underſtanding ſeveral languages, and ſeeing different countries, are prodigious advantages. By multiplying thus the ſtock of his ideas, he is enabled to make a multitude of compariſons; thoſe compariſons refine his judgement; and thus, if, as I ſaid, he has naturally parts and feeling, he becomes a man of perfect taſte.

A Frenchman has not thoſe advantages. He poſſeſſes only two languages, and he does not travel; and this is the true and real (1) cauſe, why the few in England

(1) If, from their mode of education and from travel, the Engliſh derived but two advantages, that of ſeeing the beſt works of the Greek artiſts, and that of reading the beſt works of the Greek

England have a greater number of taſtes, and more perfect taſtes, than the few in France.

Greek writers, thoſe advantages alone would be ſufficient to give them a ſuperiority in point of taſte over the French.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

WELL, then, in point of taſte, the few in England are ſuperior to the few in France. Let us pick our men; let them pick theirs; and we ſhall beat them. But fill a theatre in London, and another at Paris; the theatre at Paris ſhall beat us all to nothing. Why? There are many reaſons. The firſt is, the people of that country have quicker parts and clearer conceptions than the common Engliſh. The difference in the climates, in the food, in the liquors, in the manners, &c. are all cauſes of this. With quicker parts they have alſo live-

lier

lier feelings. And they have in conſe-
quence of this a great deal of that happy
inſtinct I ſpoke of. A French hair-
dreſſer ſhall go to dreſs a lady. She
ſhall have at her toilette a beautiful pic-
ture. The inſtant he ſees it he ſhall ex-
claim, *magnifique!* Aſk him why? His
anſwer ſhall be nonſenſe.

From Nature then they have a ſupe-
periority in parts and feeling. From
culture, properly ſo called, neither one
nor the other has any advantages. A
citizen at Paris has received no better
education than a citizen at London; and
neither of them has any knowledge, *from*
ſtudy, out of his vocation. But a citizen
of Paris has, if I may ſo ſay, an acci-
dental education, infinitely ſuperior to

that of a citizen of London. When he goes to the playhouſe, he ſees perfect pieces repreſented; he hears in many comedies (particularly in Moliere's) the ſoundeſt ſenſe and moſt judicious criticiſm. That nation is as fond of dramatic entertainments as ever the Athenians were. In conſequence of this, the people in general have a certain degree of knowledge in this point; and this citizen, when he goes to the theatre, finds himſelf ſurrounded by people who have ideas to give, and who are very communicative.

When this man goes to walk; the garden of the Tuilleries is always open to him. He ſees order, regularity, plan, in the garden itſelf. It is filled with marble

marble ſtatues and groupes, ſome of which are above mediocrity. His attention is engaged, he examines, he compares; he talks of thoſe objects, and is talked to of them. Paris is full of fine collections of pictures, which he may ſee whenever he pleaſes. There are ſome very fine pieces of architecture, which he is forced to ſee as he walks the ſtreets. When he goes to the opera, he has exhibitions of grace to form his eye, ſuch as are not to be found in any other part of the world.

If he makes a three hours excurſion to Verſailles, he there again finds pictures by the beſt maſters of all the ſchools. He finds a profuſion of marble, ſome

good

good (1) copies from the beſt Greek ſtatues in Italy, and ſome very good originals. What an aſſemblage of favourable circumſtances here for the French citizen, of which the Engliſh citizen does not poſſeſs one! If I looked for other reaſons, I am ſure I could find them. But, *fruſtra fit per plura quod fieri poteſt per pauciora.* I have ſaid enough to convince all the world, that the collective body of that people muſt have more taſte than the collective body of this.

(1) Having theſe copies made, was one of the wiſeſt things Lewis the Fourteenth did for the improvement of taſte. It was not ſo wiſe placing them in an open garden. He ought to have built a gallery for a few of the beſt of them. They would then have been uſeful to the artiſt and *amateur*; as they are, they are of little uſe to either.

LETTER IX.

THERE are three things, said a Frenchman, I always loved, and never could understand; Music, Painting, and Women. I resemble this Frenchman in my love and ignorance of one of those three things; I mean Music. I suppose few people doubt which of the fine arts deserves the highest rank. Mankind is almost unanimous in favour of Poetry. The places of her sisters are not yet determined. Some prefer Painting to Sculpture; others, Sculpture to Painting. Many think Architecture su-

perior to both; and while ſome perſons (1) conſider Muſic as ſcarce worthy to be named among the liberal arts; others find in her charms ſuperlatively bewitching; and think ſhe may diſpute precedency even with Poetry herſelf.

Far be it from me to enter into this diſpute. Numberleſs arguments, I dare ſay, are to be adduced in favour of Muſic, both as an art and as a ſcience. Many arguments, I ſuppoſe, may be offered againſt her. My ſuffrage in her favour can be of little weight, I do not comprehend her. But as nobody can be angry with the Frenchman for loving Women, though he did not underſtand

(1) Lord Cheſterfield for one.

them;

them; ſo I hope you will not be offended at my declaring myſelf an admirer of the Goddeſs of Harmony, and of offering ſome light arguments in her favour. What I have to ſay ſhall at leaſt be intelligible. It ſhall not be drawn from the depth of ſcience, but from the effects which Muſic has produced upon myſelf, and from thoſe which I have obſerved her to produce on others.

I am, firſt of all, fully ſatisfied that of all the arts Muſic gives the moſt univerſal pleaſure; that ſhe pleaſes the longeſt, and pleaſes the ofteneſt. Infants are charmed with the melody of ſounds; old age is animated by enlivening notes. Arcadian Shepherds drew pleaſure from their reeds; Achilles's

ſolitude was cheared by his lyre; the Engliſh peaſant rejoices in his pipe and tabor; and the flute is the delight and ſolace of Frederic.

It's effect is not leſs ſenſible upon brutes than upon men:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race, of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of Muſic.

I always

I always conſider the Muſe of Harmony as a beautiful foreigner who ſpeaks a language I do not underſtand; but whoſe voice is ſo ſweet and ſo expreſſive, that when her ſoul is mov'd, or her imagination warmed, ſhe makes me ſympathize with all her feelings; and as ſhe is differently affected by pleaſure or by pain, I glow with tranſport, or I melt in tears.

'Till I viſited Italy, Dryden's Ode appeared to me an extravagant fiction. Charming by it's numbers, brilliant in it's language, animating and impoſing by the variety, beauty, and grandeur of it's images, it ſeemed, if I may ſo ſay, a lovely picture painted upon cobweb; the colours bright, the groupes moſt

happily contrasted, the forms sublime and elegant; but the ground flimsy and unsubstantial. I admired the poet's boldness; I thought his Muse had made a daring flight; but I regretted that she had left reason and truth behind her.

I do no longer think so. Let any man who understands Italian, who has a good ear and a feeling soul, go to a concert at Rome. Let him hear a *first-rate* performer sing three *first-rate* compositions on Joy, Pity, and Revenge: I will venture to affirm, that the transitions produced in his soul shall be as sure and sudden as those mentioned by the poet to have passed in the breast of Alexander. Let him then recollect the character of the Prince; it was the boiling, impetuous

impetuous ſon of Philip; the ſituation; a feaſt where he was already heated with wine: the previous diſpoſition of his ſoul; it was elate with joy for Perſia won: the concomitant circumſtances; the lovely Thais at his ſide, in flower of youth and beauty's pride, whoſe eyes darted contagious fire in his ſoul; his valiant chiefs, the partners of his toils and witneſſes of his triumphs, diſpoſed around him. When he has reflected an inſtant on theſe ideas, let him conſider the choice of Timotheus's ſubjects; how calculated to operate on ſuch a *character*, in ſuch a *ſituation*; and then bringing together the effects he feels produced on himſelf, and thoſe that are

painted in this celeſtial Ode, he will no longer think the Poet has excurſed into the abſolutely airy Regions of Fancy, but that he has confined himſelf within the literal bounds of probability and reaſon.

I ſhall not mention the ſurprizing power of ſounds in curing the bite of the Tarantula; but I cannot paſs in ſilence Plato's Idea of the effect of Muſic upon the character of a nation. He thought that no change could be made in the harmony of a country, without bringing on neceſſarily a change in the manners. Such an idea as this muſt appear ſingularly extravagant when applied to the organs of our Northern nations. But when the organiſation of the people to whom he ſpoke is conſidered;

when their uncommon ſenſibility, both of *ſoul* and *imagination*, are duly attended to; and when one remembers that Plato was no vulgar thinker, raſhneſs may be checked in its haſty deciſion, and doubt may ſucceed to poſitive determination.

For my own part, I confeſs I do *not* doubt of this philoſopher's being in the right; and I believe that thoſe who examine attentively the preſent character of the Italians, will find, that Plato's obſervation is not altogether ſo aerial as they thought. The ſole object of their lives is Muſic. They know, indeed, but two occupations, Muſic and making Love. Now Love, in that country, being reduced to a very ſimple affair, having

ing no wit in it as in France, nor ſentiment in it as in England, the great reſource of the inhabitants is Muſic. It is indeed the weapon, if I may ſo ſay, which is uſed both by men and women to acquire and keep their conqueſts. A Neapolitan or Roman Lover cannot more highly oblige his miſtreſs than by procuring her a new air made at Bologna, at Florence, or at Venice. But as every thing is eſtimated according to the difficulties conquered, airs that come a greater diſtance are valued in proportion; and thoſe made at London (1), Berlin, and Peterſburg, are more highly

(1) By Italian maſters I mean.

eſteemed. The ſums of money ſpent in this way paſſes belief. And as to the Lady, whenever ſhe has a mind *to ſplit a heart with tenderneſs* (1), her invariable and only reſources are her harpſichord and her voice.

Is it not certain that the general character of the Muſic of Italy is tender and voluptuous? Is it not certain that the people of that country are the looſeſt and moſt enervated of Europe? And has not Shakſpeare, who, if I miſtake not, was as great a philoſopher as ever lived; has not he ſaid, immediately

(1) Se tutti i mali miei
Io ti poteſſi dir,
Dividerti farei
Per tenerezza il cor.

after

after the lines I have already quoted?

Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But Muſic *for the time* doth change his nature.

If then a man naturally rough becomes ſoftened *for the time* by Muſic; if thoſe *times* are continually renewed, habit will take place of nature, and that man's character will, to a certain degree, change. If this be true in the extremes, as I believe it is, and that Muſic has the power of ſoftening a harſh nature; how infinitely ſtronger muſt the probability be of it's changing a mild character into a voluptuous one!

Thus

Thus much for the Italians. Let us now ſee if there be another people in Europe who have a national Muſic; let us ſee if that Muſic has a peculiar character, and if the manners of that nation correſpond with the general character of it's Muſic. If upon enquiry we find that ſuch a people does exiſt, that their national harmony is the direct oppoſite of Italian harmony, and that their manners are preciſely the reverſe of Italian manners, I think we may reaſonably draw a concluſion in favour of the opinions of Plato and of Shakſpeare. I name the Germans.

The Muſic of thoſe men is vigorous and energetic; and ſo are their ſouls. I need not dwell on the oppoſition between

tween theſe people and the Italians; it is well known. To aſſert that their difference of character proceeds from this cauſe *alone*, would be abſurd. To affirm that this cauſe is a very principal one of that difference would, I believe, be juſt. Let us judge of the effect produced on them by the effects produced on us; and let us attend to ſome German and Italian compoſitions, and obſerve the different diſpoſitions of our ſouls at the end of thoſe different perſormances.

To avoid, as much as can be, a poſſibility of error, let us not go to their private concerts or to their public aſſemblies. In thoſe places particular circumſtances might make an oppoſition in the performances, that would put it

out of our power to form a compariſon. One might be an exhibition of voluptuous paintings (1); the other might be pictures of paſtoral ſimplicity. Let us then, I ſay, neither conclude from their chamber-muſic, nor from their theatres; let us accompany them both to the Parade, and draw our ideas from their military muſic. This compariſon is a fair one, becauſe the ſubject is the ſame, and it's object is the ſame. Judge then their feelings by your own. The ſoftneſs of the one muſic will raviſh your

(1) Don't criticiſe the word *paintings*: Muſic paints every thing; when ſhe does not paint, ſhe is good for nothing.

ſenſes;

ſenſes; the ſpirit of the other will ani-
mate your ſoul. A march at Naples is
a delicious ſymphony, which,

Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſure,
Gently ſoothes the ſoul to pleaſure:

But in the muſic of Frederic,

The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,

rouze up the man, the nerves are
braced, the ſoldiers hearts beat high,
and, like the Athenians after an
Oration of Demoſthenes, they are ready
to cry, "To arms, to arms, and lead
"us againſt Auſtria."

LETTER X.

THE Graces, the Graces, the Graces, are Lord Chesterfield's perpetual cry through four pretty considerable volumes. He thought that they were useful to a man in advancing him in the world; and I believe he thought very right.

This noble author talks so much and so often of those *amiable somethings*, that his reader at last falls in love with them: he wishes to possess them; and then thinks of asking himself what they are. There his Lordship fails his reader; he has not explained them, nor has he

ſhewn how they are to be acquired. He calls them *je-ne-ſais-quois which charm*; *indefinable ſomethings which enchant*. Theſe phraſes may be pretty, but they convey no idea. I cannot ſee what a man can find who looks for *he don't know what*.

All Grace conſiſts in (1) motion. The great ſecret of it is to marry two apparent contradictions; to unite, in the ſame movement, quickneſs and ſoftneſs, vivacity and mildneſs, gentleneſs and (2) ſpirit.

If

(1) Grace was in all her *ſteps*.

MILTON.

(2) Shakſpeare, who ſaw every thing, ſaw this too. When Hamlet gives rules to the players for graceful action, he ſays; "And in the very *torrent*,

If ſoftneſs becomes ſlowneſs, it is languid and dull. If livelineſs is not attempered with gentleneſs, it becomes violence or levity. Every (1) violent movement is ungracious; and levity touches near upon ridicule. The union of thoſe two requiſites is neceſſary in dancing, walking, bowing, talking, carving, preſenting or receiving any

rrent, *tempeſt*, and, as I may ſay, *whirlwind* f your paſſion, you muſt beget a *temperance* hat may give it *ſmoothneſs*. . . . Uſe all *gently*. . . e not *too tame* either.

(1) The King of Pruſſia wants grace in his otions and in his tones. He is abrupt in both. he preſent Pope (Braſchi) is in this reſpect a ppy contraſt to his Pruſſian Majeſty. The ueen of England's countenance is as graceful s it is gracious.

thing, and, if I may venture to add, in ſmiling.

Eaſe is the eſſence of grace: but all motions, quick and ſmooth, will neceſſarily be eaſy and free. When Milton deſcribes the grace of an angel, it is "*ſmooth-ſliding* without ſtep;" and Guido's angels, who are as graceful as Lady Erne, ſeem to have been painted after Milton's deſcription.

The ſeat of grace is in all parts of the body that have motion, as the legs, hands, arms, head, lips, eyebrows, but particularly in the neck. As the head is almoſt continually in motion, to have it move with freedom and eaſe, the muſcles of the neck ought to be extremely ſupple. This ſuppleneſs is acquired by practic

practice. The women of France poſſeſs it in a higher degree than thoſe of any other country I know. A French woman ſitting between two men will addreſs the ſame phraſe to both of them, by a free and eaſy motion of her head, without ever moving her ſhoulders. Women of other countries can not do that. When they turn the head, there is a ſtiffneſs in the joints or muſcles of their necks, that makes them turn the whole body with it.

Nothing ever was graceful that was forced or unnatural. The ſmalleſt degree of affectation deſtroys grace. And hence the neceſſity of attending to that precious rule, *Rien de trop*; "Do not "o'erſtep the modeſty of nature." The

people who moſt frequently treſpaſs againſt this precept are the people of the ſtage. They are almoſt all affected. Even the inimitable Veſtris himſelf, the firſt dancer in the world, had his ungraceful *moments*. There is a point where grace is; beyond that point is affectation. To hit the happy mean is difficult in every thing; perhaps in nothing more ſo in the arts than in this grace we are talking of. It's effect is ſo fine, and it is ſo ſure of captivating every beholder, that all painters aim at it particularly. Few of them ſucceed. Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in my opinion, better than any man now living. Indeed, *in this particular*, he ſeems to me not inferior to any painter of Italy.

The

The moſt eſſential of all the Graces, becauſe the moſt uſeful, and of the greateſt effect, is to ſpeak well. As every motion of the body ought to be free from confuſion, hurry, or embarraſſment, and at the ſame time animated and lively, ſo the movement of the tongue ought to be quick without precipitation, and ſoft without monotony. The perſons who unite vivacity to ſoftneſs in their utterance, muſt neceſſarily ſpeak with eaſe, which, as I have already ſaid, is the very eſſence of grace. Were I to name a model, it ſhould be the ſame Lady whom I have already mentioned in this (1) Letter.

(1) Page 100.

When I said that affectation was the greatest enemy of the Graces; I said that simplicity was their best friend. But there is a mean simplicity, and there is a noble simplicity. If you wish to see the two strongest examples I know of each, look at an English Nobleman and a Dutch Jew. Those two characters are equally free from affectation; but the difference between their air and carriage is greater than any words I am master of can express.

Lord Chesterfield says; "He can "neither ascertain nor define the graces. I cannot define them; but I think I have ascertained them; and I cannot see that they are so very difficult to be acquired. Nature, it is true, must do some

something; for there are people to whom it would be (1) impoſſible to give grace; and I believe Mr. Stanhope was one of them. However, where there is not ſome unhappineſs in a character, a good maſter, a little attention, and frequenting the beſt company, will give a young man every idea that I have mentioned in this Letter; and, I confeſs, I do not ſee that he can add another which would not be ridiculous or trifling.

(1) It is the ſame in claſſes of animals. No education could give grace to a wild boar or an elephant. There is no: a more graceful creature than a high-bred horſe that is well trained.

LET-

LETTER XI.

THE Graces are ſo pretty a ſubject, that it is not eaſy to quit them. My Lord Cheſterfield praiſed them continually for two reaſons; one, to be uſeful to his ſon; the other, to pay his court to himſelf; for I have been always told he was a very graceful man. I have not the ſame intereſt in recommending the worſhip of theſe divinities that his Lordſhip had; for they certainly did not preſide at *my* birth. I have not even grace in writing; but I hope I one day ſhall. However, it is not fair to conclude againſt me that I cannot underſtand

ſtand my ſubject, becauſe I am not myſelf a model. That would be as unjuſt as to ſay, I am not able to judge of beauty; becauſe I am very very far from being (1) handſome.

Indulge me with your permiſſion to write a letter or two on theſe Goddeſſes. I may treat the ſubject ill; but it is ſo ſeducing a one, that I cannot reſiſt it.

The Graces then, *Gratiæ* in Latin, and Χαριτες in Greek, Madam, as you know better than I, were originally of Grecian extraction. The Greeks had, of all people, the moſt beautiful imagina-

(1) Obſerve, Reader, with what addreſs my ſelf-love ſoftened that phraſe. *Ugly* was the *proper word*; but it hurt both my ear and my feelings.

tions.

tions. They produced the happieſt and moſt perfect creations that ever have been known; and they embelliſhed them when produced to the higheſt degree that pure and elegant taſte could admit. The firſt point in taſte, invention, grace, and every thing elſe, is good ſenſe; and on this ground-work are all the inventions of the Greeks founded. The original idea of their creations was always taken from (1) Nature, and founded on Truth. Whenever they diſcovered a fertile and promiſing ſubject, they divided it into parts, and after they had caſt away every thing belonging to it that was diſagreable or unintereſting,

(1) One may ſee a great many examples of this, at preſent, in the kingdom of Naples.

they

they beautified what remained to the higheſt degree of perfection.

A beautiful and amorous princeſs, whoſe name was Venus, was born in one of the Greek iſlands. She had three amiable maids of honour who were ſiſters, and theſe were the Graces. This is all the foundation given by nature and truth; the Greek imagination created the reſt. The poets firſt made this princeſs a divinity, and, to ſublime their idea, fabled her ſprung from the ocean. I need not tell you all they have ſaid of her; you know it already. The painters of Greece then painted her from imagination. But, alas! canvaſs is periſhable; and theſe pictures are no longer to be ſeen. One portrait of her, however,

ever, fortunately, ſtill remains. I mean one *good* likeneſs; for there are innumerable Venuſes: but the Venus of Medici is the only one which fills the imagination at once with an idea of Greek genius, and of perfect beauty.

The author of this ſtatue ſaid to himſelf, "I have a Goddeſs to create; and "that Goddeſs is the Goddeſs of Love. "She muſt be a perfect Beauty. But "no ſuch being has ever exiſted. I "have no reſource left but to create "her myſelf." He then ſtudied, in the moſt beautiful women of his country, the parts in which each particular woman excelled. He ſaw what conſtituted a perfect foot; a hand and arm; a neck and boſom; and after he had made himſelf

ſelf maſter of each part, he, by a ſingular effort of genius, combined them with the juſteſt ſymmetry into a perfect Whole. As happy an idea as ever entered into an artiſt's head; and, I think, as difficult to execute.

Beauty was evidently the firſt idea for the Goddeſs of Love. But beauty alone, this refined Greek well knew, was inſipid without grace, and unintereſting without character. His next thought conſequently was, that by ſhewing his divinity in an happy moment, he would make grace, expreſſion, character, all ſpring from *that* moment, in ſo *eaſy* a manner, that it ſhould appear to have coſt no effort; and in ſo *natural* a manner, that it ſhould ſeem impoſſible to

have found another. He shews her the in the instant she rises from the sea; and throwing himself, as it were, into her soul, he discovers in her countenance what must have been it's first emotion. It is that of Modesty. There is the character at once determined, expression given to the statue, all the parts disposed of with decency and propriety; and, to render his production perfect, the whole conveying a refined and elegant moral, *that Love can only be inspired by the union of Beauty with Modesty.*

This is a great excellency in the Greek artists of every kind; they have always a moral. They have too happiness in chusing a moment to shew an object, of which other artists have

ſcarce ever thought. They *ſnatched the nice points of time*, in which, whatever they had to exhibit, was to be ſeen to the greateſt advantage. They carried this attention, as well as that of character, even to animals. The head of the boar, at Meleager's feet, is that of a fierce ſavage, that deſolated an entire country, and ſtruck with terror all it's inhabitants. Had they a ſtork to ſhew? It is in the moment he is in conflict with a ſerpent, which twiſts itſelf in the moſt natural and graceful writhings about the neck of his feathered enemy. Was an eagle to be their ſubject? He is ſhewn in the inſtant that he is going to dart himſelf from a rock, and ſoar above the clouds. His air announces that he is the

king of birds, and worthy to bear the thunderbolt of Jove. Whatever was the moment in real life, in which an animal would have moſt intereſted a ſpectator, is invariably the (1) moment which the Greeks have choſen to ſhew it in.

I make you no apology, Madam, for this digreſſion. You patronize the Grecians and the arts.

To return to the Venus of Medici. Her character is female excellence itſelf. She ſeems

A maiden never bold,
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf——

There then, Sir, ſay you, the Greek has miſtaken the character: Venus

(1) All theſe examples are in the Vatican

wa

was—Not yet, Madam; ſhe is but juſt born. I grant you, afterwards ſhe turned to folly; and took (1) foxhunters, (2) officers, and (3) ſtateſmen, with as little choice and delicacy as a Neapolitan Princeſs. But to have repreſented her at that period of her life, could not have anſwered the purpoſe of our Greek, who was to chuſe a beautiful, an intereſting, and a *moral* moment; and to give your portrait to the world ſome centuries before you were born.

(1) Adonis. (2) Mars. (3) Anchiſes.

LETTER XII.

NOW that we have done with the Princeſs, if you pleaſe, we will ſpeak of the Maids of honour. Their portraits are come down to us too; and though they are not ſo highly finiſhed as that of their Queen, they are well enough done both to engage and inſtruct us.

The leading idea that characteriſes this amiable groupe, and which is implied in their (1) name, is gaiety and good-humour. They are always repre-

(1) Χαριλες; dictæ απο της χαρας, à gaudio.

ſented

ſented as young and handſome; and their faces wear a perpetual ſmile. The particular ideas conveyed to us by their names, ſerve only to illuſtrate their general appellation. The youngeſt is called (1) *Thalia*, which ſignifies a *blooming* girl; the ſecond is named (2) *Euphroſyne*, which ſignifies a (3) *ſprightly*

(1) A Θαλλω, vireo. (2) Ab Ευφρων, hilaris.

(3) You remember Milton;

But come thou goddeſs, *fair and free*,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphroſyne;
But by men, *heart-eaſing* mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter-graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

Milton, you ſee, makes them the offſpring of *Love* and *Wine*. But they are more generally thought to be the daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome.

one; and the eldeſt, who was to keep her ſiſters in order, is called (4) *Aglaia*, which means brilliancy, ſplendour, and neatneſs, but at the ſame time implies dignity and decorum.

They are come down to us *naked*; but *that*, Madam, you are not to be ſhocked at; for they are to be conſidered entirely as an allegorical groupe. No material ideas about them at all. And the proof of this is; not one of the three had ever the leaſt ſuſpicion thrown out againſt her. This, conſidering the voluptuouſneſs of their climate, and the example of their Sovereign, is a tolerable proof that they were rather ſpiritual than corporeal beings.

(4) Αγλαια, ſplendor, nitor, decus.

The

The meaning of their being naked is, that, like truth, they ſhould be ſimple and unadorned: that they ſhould be frank and (1) ingenuous, and ſhew themſelves ſuch as they were, without coquetry, (2) diſſimulation, or diſguiſe. But their nakedneſs is as decent as nakedneſs *can* be; for view them as much as you pleaſe, from the chin to the ancle, or from the *chignon* to the heel, they never excite any idea that can

(1) Your *openneſs of heart*, ſays Sir Charles Grandiſon to Miſs Byron, is one of the *graces*, for which I principally admire you.

(2) Lord Cheſterfield did not mean to recommend them, in this point of view, to Mr. Stanhope.

offend the niceſt (1) delicacy. And hence it is that Horace ſo often calls them the *decent* Graces.

They are joined hand in hand, to ſhew that chearfulneſs, vivacity, and youth ought to be united with ſincerity, candour, and decorum; and to aſſure the beholder, that unleſs he poſſeſſes *all* theſe qualities, he cannot boaſt of being a favourite with the Graces.

They are in motion, becauſe without motion there can be no grace. Their movements, you will ſee, are animated

(1) What I have ſaid here is equally true of Sir William Hamilton's Venus by Correggio: an enchanting picture indeed; now in the poſſeſſion of a very good judge of painting, Mr. Greville, Brother to the Earl of Warwick.

and

and ſoft; and the decided character of the whole groupe is a noble ſimplicity, and an unaffected modeſty (1).

The Greeks then, Madam, conceived that beauty was neceſſary to inſpire love; but that the power of Venus was fleeting and tranſitory, unleſs ſhe was attired and accompanied by the GRACES; that is, unleſs eaſe and affability, gentleneſs and ſpirit, good-humour, modeſty, ingenuouſneſs and candour *engaged* the admirers that beauty *attracted* (2).

(1) Heſiod, in his Theogony, and Seneca, in the third chapter of his firſt book *De Beneficiis*, give a very different account of the Graces.

(2) The three Graces are, if I may ſo ſay, united in the Venus of Medici.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

GRACE in writing lies in four words, *eaſy*, *chearful*, *lively*, *ſmooth*. Voltaire, Fontenelle, Addiſon, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague are the beſt models of it I know. Lord Cheſterfield is not a bad one. The moſt graceful ſpeaker, in private company, I have ever met, is Lord Briſtol.

P. S. I think that the Duke de Ceri *does* dance well; but I think Sir Thomas Gaſcoigne dances better.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

THE man who ſuffers an ignominious death, is condemned to that puniſhment becauſe he does harm to ſociety. He may plead in alleviation of his crime, and poſſibly with truth, the impulſe of irreſiſtible propenſities. However, if mankind ſuffers by him, no attention is paid to his plea; juſtice has it's courſe; and the rigour of the law is executed upon him.

If the injury done to an individual be eſtimated by the real pain that he ſuffers from it, I beg leave to aſk, whether does a man feel more ſeverely for the loſs

of

of his purſe, or for the ſeduction of his wife's affections. This queſtion, I believe, need not be anſwered. If then that man is thought juſtly to deſerve the laſt puniſhment, who is guilty of a rape, a robbery, or an act of forgery, to which he may have been impelled by the impetuoſity of paſſion, or by the cravings of neceſſity; how many deaths muſt he deſerve, who, ſtimulated by no actual movement of nature, ſits down coolly in his cloſet to fabricate a ſyſtem of unhappineſs for mankind? who, as far as he is able, encourages vice, by falſely repreſenting it in amiable lights; who inſtructs the inexperienced in its deepeſt refinements; and who perſuades them

to

to the practice of it by every argument he is maſter of?

I do not mean to apply what I have ſaid to the late Earl of Cheſterfield. Had he ſat down, in cold blood, to give the world the leſſons which are conveyed in his letters, he muſt have excited the contempt and indignation, not only of all people of refined feelings, but of every honeſt man; and his name muſt have been infamous to all ſucceeding generations.

But it would be unjuſt to cenſure this noble author for preaching vice and immorality to the world. He did *not* preach them to the world. He preached them only to his ſon. He ought not to be condemned for publiſhing a work

which

which he did *not* publiſh. And, in reſpect of his ſon, I think his letters are rather to be conſidered as coming from a weak underſtanding, than from a very wicked heart. His object evidently was to make that ſon happy; and he conſidered vice as the means. This was only wrong judgement, and a falſe calculation.

A celebrated book produces frequently very great effects in a country. Lord Cheſterfield's rank gave celebrity to *his* book as ſoon as it appeared; and, I think, it would have been as dangerous a publication as ever was ſeen in England, if fortunately the poiſon did not contain its own antidote. The morals are too bad: they revolt. The reader

is

is ſhocked with ſeeing a father act almoſt as pandar to his ſon. And if he has any degree of underſtanding or knowledge, he ſoon gets a contempt for his author, becauſe he ſees he is a *ſlight* man.

He has written with elegance, and he certainly had parts; but they were neither of the firſt, ſecond, third, nor ſixth order (1); and I will venture to affirm, that if his book had not been *nobly born*, it would not have had the ſmalleſt ſucceſs. But birth is a *real* advantage, though few *philoſophers* think ſo.

(1) I ſpeak only from what appears in his Letters.

Can

Can any man ſhew me a ſingle page in his four volumes which announce a ſuperior writer? I will venture to ſay, he cannot, one. Can any man mention a ſingle letter, which, being tranſlated into a foreign language, and appearing without a name, will ſupport itſelf at Paris, at Berlin, or at Rome, by the weight and depth of its ſenſe, by the beauty of its images, by the elevation or delicacy of its ſentiments, or, by that weakeſt of all pretenſions to literary merit, by the brilliancy of its wit? I ſhall venture to anſwer, not a letter in his whole collection.

His principles of politeneſs are unexceptionable; and ought to be adopted by all young men of faſhion; but they

are known to every child in France; and are almoſt all tranſlated from French books. In general, throughout the work, what is *new* is not good; and what is *good* is not new.

LETTER XV.

LORD Chesterfield's object for his son was to establish him at St. James's. To arrive there, he was first to be a minister abroad. To qualify him for that, he was to acquire foreign languages, have extensive knowledge, and a good address. Those general views were just; and one point he surely deserves praise for: he stopped at no expence that he thought necessary for the improvement of his child.

The first wish of his soul was, that Mr. Stanhope should be clever; and he trusted him to a tutor who was a perfect

perfect mediocrity. One half of a man's talents depends upon education; and an able governor will almoſt create parts in a pupil. It is at leaſt certain, that he ſhall ſo far improve natural gifts, that it ſhall nearly appear creation. There muſt be parts to draw out parts.

Here then was the firſt capital error his Lordſhip was guilty of. His next great points that he wiſhed to accompliſh were to make his ſon an elegant ſpeaker, and a graceful diſſembler. Mr. Harte was awkward in his manner, ungraceful in his elocution, and knew very little of his own language, as appears from ſeveral paſſages in the Letters in queſtion. I mean nothing leſs than to reflect upon this gentleman. He was a

man of probity and learning. I only mean that he was totally unfit for what appears to have been Lord Chesterfield's principal aim. It is well known how much more prevalent example is than precept; and this Nobleman sent a tutor with his son, who was to enforce *hourly* by example the direct contrary of what *he* was to teach, *once a fortnight*, by precept.

Grace and dissimulation appeared to him the two *most* essential requisites in the formation of a courtier. I believe, indeed, they were his own *forts*. But be that as it may, certain it is, he sent Mr. Stanhope to acquire them in Germany and Switzerland. Now the peo-

pl

ple of theſe countries are proverbially ſincere; and grace is certainly not one of their ſhining ſides.

To this you'll anſwer, he ſent him to Leipſig to get a ſolid foundation; he meant that he ſhould receive his poliſh afterwards. What I am now going to ſay will appear paradoxical. But if ever there was a true paradox, this is one. Poliſh muſt come *before* what is called a ſolid foundation, or it will *never* come. Examine the meaning of thoſe two phraſes. *Poliſh* means air, manners, and addreſs. By a *ſolid foundation*, ſound learning and uſeful knowledge are underſtood. Now a graceful manner and an engaging addreſs can never be attained but at a very early period in life. When once the body has taken

it's ply, and when once certain motions, attitudes, &c. are become habitual to it, it is next to impoſſible to change them; the moſt that *can* be done is to correct them a little, but to ſubſtitute eaſe in the place of ſtiffneſs is abſolutely impracticable. This is the only reaſon why the French are the moſt graceful people in the world, becauſe they begin to learn grace, if I may ſo ſay, from their childhood.

As to real uſeful knowledge, it never can be acquired till the age of reaſon, which is always late. The truth is, people in writing and talking on this ſubject have reaſoned by metaphors and ſimilies, which, though entirely true in the points from which they are taken,

are totally falſe in the points to which they are applied. They reaſon from foundations and poliſh in edifices and ſtatues, to the forming and accompliſhing a man; and they make, in conſequence, ſuch confuſion, as if they thought a little, would appear unintelligible even to themſelves. It is very true, that the foundation of a temple muſt be laid before the ſuperſtructure can be embelliſhed. It is very true, that the form of a ſtatue muſt be perfect before it's ſurface can be poliſhed. But what has this to do with the education of a man? The building reſts *on* its foundation; the poliſh *on* the body of the ſtatue; but the accompliſhments of a youth has not the leaſt connection with his

knowledge; as is pretty evident from the numbers of people one ſees abroad, who have the fineſt addreſs, and moſt poliſhed manners, with ſcarce any information.

Knowledge and accompliſhments are totally diſtinct. Every man thinks them both neceſſary for his ſon; and almoſt every man, like my Lord Cheſterfield, begins by knowledge, becauſe it is clearly the more eſſential of the two; and becauſe he thinks it a baſis of the other part. It is *no* baſis of it: and he begins where he ſhould end. Accompliſhments are laſt in utility, but firſt to be acquired. Their ſeaſon once paſſed, they can never be attained. The ſeaſon for gaining knowledge, and for ſtrengthening

ening the underſtanding, never paſſes. From twenty-one a man may add to the force of his intellectual powers, and to his ſtock of ideas, till his faculties begin to decay. But after twenty no man ever converted awkwardneſs into grace. All this appears clear to me; and, I am pretty ſure, very few of my readers will believe one word of it.

If you think I mean the cultivation of the underſtanding ſhould be ſacrificed to air and manner, you miſunderſtand me. I only mean, that if Lord Cheſterfield thought a high degree of poliſh ſo eſſential for his ſon, and that it might be acquired after his ſolid ſtudies were finiſhed, in my opinion, he was miſtaken.

Unleſs

Unleſs grace and diſſimulation appear perfectly natural, the one cannot pleaſe, nor the other ſucceed. And as it is impoſſible to acquire eaſe, which is the eſſence of a graceful demeanor, without particular attention being paid to it early; ſo it is next to impoſſible to attain perfectly the art of diſſembling, unleſs a man is trained to it from the beginning of his life. To keep the thoughts cloſe with an apparent air of gaiety and frankneſs, to appear perpetually off one's guard, while every look, tone, and geſture is weighed with caution; to have the *volto ſciolto* and the *penſieri ſtretti*, the forehead *open*, and the heart *locked*, (as his Lordſhip is perpetually recommending) is ſurely no

eaſy ſcience. Lord Cheſterfield ſhould have ſeen that the country where he learned his proverb was the country to have taught the practice of it; and Italy, not Germany, ſhould have been the place choſen to have formed Mr. Stanhope.

I am not examining here whether his ſyſtem was good or bad. I am only ſhewing the abſurdity of the means he uſed to accompliſh (1) it. Inſtead of ſending his ſon to Lauſanne and Leipſig, to learn grace and diſſimulation, he ſhould have ſent him to Paris and Rome (2).

(1) I ſhall ſhew the abſurdity of the ſyſtem itſelf preſently.

(2) I know he was at Rome and Paris, but he went to both too late, and he only paſſed through Rome like an ordinary traveller.

LETTER XVI.

I BEGAN with Mr. Stanhope on his going under the care of Mr. Harte. I did not care to go a ſtep farther back, becauſe that would have engaged me in the old diſpute, whether a public or a private education is to be preferred. The general opinion here prefers a public ſchool; and Lord Cheſterfield ſent his ſon to Weſtminſter. Men are imitative; and children are more ſo than men. I do not believe there were many good *models of grace* to be met with among this young gentleman's playfellows; and there it was that he

he probably contracted thoſe habits of aukwardneſs and ungraciouſneſs that he was never after able to ſhake off.

I have not been condemning there a public education in general. I only ſay, I do not think it was proper for Mr. Stanhope, or likely to have turned out to his advantage in the particular deſtination for which his father intended him.

I ſaid I ſhould not enter into the different merits of public or private educations. It is a ſubject for a book, and not for a letter. But as it is a point to which I have particularly turned my thoughts for ſome years, and which I have examined as attentively as I was able, I cannot reſiſt this opportunity of

of ſaying which appears preferable to me.

The objects of education ought to be, to form the heart, the head, and the manners. I will venture to ſay, theſe three points are more ſurely and eaſily attained under the government of a moderate private tutor, than under the beſt ſchoolmaſter in the world. I do not mention the cruel loſs of time, nor the many other arguments which might be adduced. I ſhall only ſay, I know a hundred ſolid reaſons againſt it, and not three in its favour. But the ſubject is unpopular; and the general opinion is againſt me. Locke thought as I do.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

I SHALL not preſume to examine Lord Cheſterfield's politics. There are already too many navigators on this ocean; I do not wiſh to add to the number. Beſides, I have neither knowledge nor abilities equal to it. Of all the ſciences, that of politics appears to me to be the moſt difficult; to require the ſtrongeſt parts, the moſt comprehenſive views, the quickeſt faculties, and the moſt varied as well as the moſt minute information. One difference, I think, there is between a cultivator of this ſcience and that of any other. A politician has

has need of a large and elevated ſoul. It is not ſufficient that his penetration is rapid, that his judgement is unerring, that he is poſſeſſed of that vaſt and happy ſpecies of imagination, which invents, diſtributes, connects; which ſees at once the whole and all it's parts; which puts the maſs in (1) agitation, and gives warmth and vigour to all it's dependencies. He muſt join to all this an elevation of ſentiment, or his character is imperfect. Such a man was Lord Chatham; and many ſuch men I hope England will produce.

I repeat it then, I ſhall not dare to cenſure Lord Cheſterfield upon a ſyſtem

(1) Mens agitat molem.

of

of policy, which ſeems to me to be pitiful and mean. I write to the young, and to them I avow my incapacity to inform them. It is only in my power to quote for their advantage, and to refer them to authorities, at leaſt equal to this noble writer. Let them examine the ſyſtems of *Temple* and of *Sully*; they will find them, in every reſpect, directly oppoſite to Lord Cheſterfield's.

All his plans turn upon art and cunning; cunning, which Lord Bacon calls *crooked* and *left-handed wiſdom*; and art, which, the ſame great writer obſerves, is never uſed but by the *weaker ſort of politicians*. "Certainly (theſe are Lord Bacon's "words) the *ableſt* men that ever were, "have all had an *openneſs* and *frankneſs*

"of dealing, and a name of *certainty* "and *veracity*."

To quote poetry here may appear ridiculous; but when it is recollected that the lines I am going to tranſcribe are almoſt all founded upon hiſtorical truth, and that the poet, in this ſpeech, did little more than throw Holinſhead into verſe; I hope *important truths* will not have leſs effect, becauſe they are preſented in the language of Shakſpeare.

When the good Cromwell bids his fallen maſter this pathetic adieu;

CROM. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.

The

The king ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.

Wolſey replies;

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am (1) forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard, ſay then *I* taught thee,
Say, *Wolſey, that once trod the ways of glory,*
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck to riſe in,
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.

(1) Forgotten you will never be. Theſe lines have immortaliſed you.

Mark but my fall; and that which ruin'd me
"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away (1) ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
(2) Love thyſelf laſt; (3) cheriſh thoſe hearts
that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To ſilence envious tongues. *Be juſt, and fear*
not.

(1) Wolſey means a *vicious* ambition. This paſſion is one of the nobleſt of our natures; it never becomes a vice, till it makes uſe of art, cunning, and undue means to attain its ends.

(2) The perpetual tenor of Lord Cheſterfield's advice to his ſon is to *love himſelf only*. And this advice, I acknowledge, came very naturally from him in his double capacity of a politician and a man of pleaſure.

(3) Mr. Stanhope's father would have found in this precept a leſſon of diſſimulation for his ſon. But Wolſey's meaning is pretty clear; "Return good for "evil."

Let all the ends, thou aim'ſt at, be thy COUNTRY's,
Thy GOD's, and TRUTH's; then, if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr.

I love Shakſpeare; and I do not love Lord Cheſterfield. But what I am going to ſay, I ſay, to the beſt of my belief, without prejudice or partiality; I think a young man will derive more *real profit* from thoſe lines of Wolſey, and from Polonius's advice to his ſon, well underſtood and well digeſted, than he will from all Lord Cheſterfield's Letters.

LETTER XVIII.

BUT if I do not dare to arraign this Nobleman's politicks; I am not afraid to attack his worldly maxims. They are bad; positively bad: I do not mean in a moral sense; but in respect of succeeding with mankind. They are weak, false, and incapable of producing their end. Like his politics, they are all founded on art and cunning. Now, I believe, it is pretty generally allowed, *in this country*, that it is beneath a man of spirit to make use of art. But since his Lordship is fond of French quotation, I will quote him a maxim drawn

from a French book, of which he was very fond, and which he has recommended often and warmly to his ſon. He has made ſeveral quotations from this work; the one I am going to mention is not of the number; and it is worth all thoſe that he has quoted from it. *Rien ne doit ſentir ni l'art ni l'affectation dans un*(1) *galant homme*, ſays the Abbé Bellegarde, in his treatiſe on the *Art of Pleaſing*.

I ſhall moſt readily grant that ſilly people will be duped by cunning. But was it with ſilly people Lord Cheſterfield meant Mr. Stanhope ſhould keep company? Certainly, no. He deſires

(1) *Un galant homme* is a man of honour; *un homme galant* is a man of gallantry.

him continually to frequent men of parts, and women of underſtanding. He deſtined him for courts; and in every court there are *ſome* people of penetration, who not only judge for themſelves, but alſo teach others to judge. In ſuch ſocieties then did this father imagine his ſon could ſucceed by cunning? Did he think that characters like thoſe would not ſee the firſt ſtroke of art that Mr. Stanhope could ſtrike? And was he ignorant that, from that inſtant, every one would have been on their guard againſt him?

As to foreign countries, I do not heſitate to aſſert, that in every city of Europe, from Paris to Berlin, and from Berlin to Naples, the young Engliſh-

man

man who attempted to practiſe his maxims would, inſtead of ſucceſs, meet with univerſal diſappointment. I ſhall dare for once to quote myſelf; and I ſhall venture to affirm, that the following ſingle rule will enſure a young traveller more ſucceſs, than all Lord Cheſterfield's paltry maxims put together. The rule is; (1) *Be ſimple in your manners, and noble in all your proceedings.* I ſhould not have introduced this maxim with ſuch apparent inſolence, if it were my own. Before I finiſh this Letter, I ſhall tell from whom I borrowed it.

(1) Letters from an Engliſh Traveller, Vol. I. Letter VII.

In

In every city in Exrope (I do not except one), who is the traveller that is beſt received? It is the Engliſh traveller. Why? Becauſe he acts uniformly upon principles the direct oppoſites of thoſe of Lord Cheſterfield. He is natural; he is frank; and to the eſtabliſhed reputation which the nation has for candour and ſincerity it is, that he owes his univerſal ſucceſs. If a foreigner of any other country is propoſed to be introduced into a ſociety, perſons are ſtrict in their enquiries about his character and principles. When an Engliſhman is announced, they aſk not a queſtion. Tradition and experience have both taught them he is not to be doubted of.

Among

Among the infinite numbers of Engliſh that travel, I never heard, during all the time I was abroad, but of two, who diſgraced their country. They were adventurers, and men unknown.

When, therefore, an Engliſhman enters into a ſociety, he has every prepoſſeſſion in his favour. He muſt take ſome poſitive ſtep to do himſelf harm. Let him addreſs himſelf to any man or woman in the company, he ſhall be ſure of a favourable reception; let him ſay what he will, he ſhall be ſure of receiving polite, nay obliging anſwers. Every individual on the continent has a high and juſt idea of the merit of his nation; and will find an opportunity to tell him ſo in the firſt five minutes converſation.

All

All will go well with him till he uſes art. The French and Italians are inconceivably penetrating and quick. They doubt of him from that moment.

Art is not made for a man of honour: he has not need of it. A very ſallow woman is not to be blamed for putting on rouge; it is madneſs to paint a fine complexion. *Seem* is Lord Cheſterfield's perpetual cry. No; do *not* ſeem; *Be*. It will produce twenty times the effect; and is an hundred times leſs troubleſome. Be artful and cunning, ſays this Lord. Do; and be deſpiſed. Be ſincere and open; you will be eſteemed and reſpected.

I have already mentioned the inſtructions given to a young traveller by Shakſpeare.

Shakſpeare. How that man ſaw, I never could conceive; but he ſaw every thing. I read Polonius's advice once a week during my travels. The young man who comprehends, in it's full extent, the laſt precept he gives, and makes it the rule of his conduct, will win the affections *of the* (1) *deſerving* every day; and, what this Letter-writer's pupil never can do, I will venture to ſay, he will *keep* his conqueſts;

This *above all*—To thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt ſollow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.

When I was at Vienna, I knew a young Engliſh nobleman. In company

(1) And they are the *only* people whoſe affections are worth winning.

a man

a man has ſeldom an occaſion to ſhew great parts or learning. I never had an opportunity to form a judgement of this gentleman's talents or erudition. I had not the honour of knowing him particularly enough for that. I ſaw him but in company: that, indeed, was generally every day for a winter. It was from obſerving his conduct, and the effect it produced, that I drew the maxim which I have mentioned in this Letter. He was careſſed and eſteemed by every being at Vienna. What was *his* art? It was to have *none*; to ſhew himſelf as he was; to throw open the volume of his ſoul, and to ſay to the beholders, read: The book was beautiful; and the readers were charmed. An unaſſuming dignity,

dignity, an amiable candour, an elevation of ſentiment, and a real good-nature were the arts *he* practiſed; and they procured him more reſpect and attentions in a fortnight, than Lord Cheſterfield's tricks and cunning, and all his other pitiful littleneſſes, would have done in a century. He was *ſimple in his manners, and noble in all his proceedings*; and he had every ſuffrage at Vienna. I cannot help naming him. It was Lord John Clinton.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

SOMEWHAT too much of Lord Chesterfield. Permit me a few words upon his taste; and then we have done with him for ever. Of the arts, in general, it is clear, he knew nothing; so we have only to examine his literary taste.

There is little materially false or wrong in what this elegant and agreeable writer has said upon literature. But all he says is *common*. However, what we have read in twenty books, and what of consequence appears old to us, was new to the person to whom these letters were addressed;

addreſſed; and that, I think, excuſes their author.

I like to have a man write upon literary ſubjects; for, at the ſame time that he ſhews me his taſte, he generally gives me the meaſure of his abilities; and I think I know the altitude of Lord Cheſterfield's underſtanding, as well by two or three of his Letters, as if I had heard him ſpeak an entire winter in the Houſe of Lords. One knows a man by the people he looks *up* to. And who are the objects of Lord Cheſterfield's admiration? Why Waller, Ovid, and Voltaire. This laſt, above all, was his hero. Now what is Voltaire? An ingenious, brilliant, agreeable, graceful, frivolous,

volous, (1) false writer. I pity the man who has not a certain relish for these authors; but I think him infinitely *more* to be pitied who considers them as the first of poets; and who prefers them to Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare.

Of Shakspeare he has said but little; and not a single sentence in his favour. I have often been tempted to guess that Voltaire had instructed him in the value he was to set upon this poet. I have

(1) It may be thought that I have prejudices against Voltaire. The first year I was in France, when I knew him only by his bright sides, by the love of toleration, of humanity and justice, that appears in his works, I admired him both as a writer and as a man. I was one of his warmest advocates. Since I have known him better, I have changed my opinion.

alſo ſuſpected that the editor of his letters muſt have ſuppreſſed paſſages relative to this author. For how can any man conceive that an Engliſhman could write ſome hundreds of letters to his ſon, in which he ſhould talk a great deal on literature and poetry; and that he ſhould ſcarce ever mention the firſt poet of the nation, if that poet had been to his taſte?

To reſume the whole of this noble author, *as appears from his Letters.* His parts, were above mediocrity; his ſtyle, is pleaſant and eaſy; his ideas upon air, manners, and addreſs, excellent; his politics, beyond my power of judging; his worldly maxims, falſe; his taſte, *little*; and his morals, infamous.

LETTER XX.

ΜΕΓΑ βιβλιον μεγα κακον: *N'est ce pas, Madame?* I am ſure you have penetration enough to ſee, I do not ſay *all* upon my ſubjects that I *could* ſay. I like little books and ſhort Letters. *Magis neceſſaria omittenda quam ſupervacua amplectenda*, remarks very wiſely Velleius Paterculus. But, may-be, all this learning frightens you: *Non temer, bel idol mio*; you ſhall have no more of it.

P. S. It is a fine thing to be a ſcholar.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

I SHOULD be guilty of black (1) ingratitude if I did not acknowledge the obligations I have received from Lord Lucan, and from Mr. and Mrs. Vesey. To Mr. Vesey I am indebted for a thousand (2) politenesses to which I had no right to pretend. Lord Lucan, with that generous and benevolent warmth, which characterises his country, offered me his house on my

(1) ——*quod vitium procul abſore chartis,*
Atque animo prius, ut ſi quid promittere de me
Poſſum aliud, vere promitto.

(2) There is a poliſhed good-nature in Mr. Veſey's character, which endears him to all who know him.

coming to London. But Mrs. Veſey—*good* Mrs. Veſey—indeed ſhe is *all* goodneſs—How can I ever praiſe or thank her ſufficiently? She conferred on me the greateſt of all obligations—ſhe praiſed my books.

LETTER XXII.

WITH a *veni, vidi, vici*, came,
And he *conquered the world* with his
row dow dow.

I know an author as like Cæsar as—only Cæsar never conquered Britain. Now the (1) writer in question triumphed in London, in Paris, and in Rome—But, for God's sake, let us talk

(1) I know the author *hinted* at here; and I can assure the reader, he did all that was in his power not to write those lines; but Nature was too strong for him. Do what one can, she *will* break out:

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

of something else; for, upon my life, the vanity of authors is insupportable.

Tant mieux & tant pis, says Sterne, are two of the great hinges in French conversation. They *do* enter into it a good deal, to be sure; and they enter here pleasantly enough into an epigram. You know the wicked poet Piron, and his malice against the French Academy. M. de la Condamine was deaf; and the day of his reception among the Academicians, Piron circulated the following lines:

Enfin dans la Troupe immortelle
La Condamine entre aujourd'hui;
Il n'eſt pas muet, tant pis pour elle;
Mais il eſt ſourd, tant mieux pour lui.

Piron

Piron had genius, but wanted taste. His *Metromanie* is one of the beſt (1) comedies that has been written ſince Moliere. The unpardonable licentiouſneſs of ſome of his pieces, very juſtly excluded him from the Academy.

As I know your palate reliſhes honey better than gall, I muſt endeavour to make you forget the epigram, by preſenting you with a madrigal.

To a Brown Beauty.

Vous êtes belle, & votre ſœur eſt belle,
Entre vous deux tout choix ſeroit bien doux;
Le dieu d'amour étoit blond comme elle;
Mais il aimoit une Brune comme vous.

(1) The *Mechant*, by Greſſet, is another of the beſt modern comedies; it is incomparably well written.

P. S.

P. S. Thank you for the *Modern Anecdote*. It is as light as a woman. But it is witty, pretty, graceful; and though I never ſaw its fair author, I'll be ſworn ſhe is amiable. I am afraid there is a fault againſt delicacy of taſte in the laſt page but one of the dedication (ſomething about champaigne); and I believe there is another ſomewhere elſe, but I forget where.

Voltaire ſays, it is a proof of taſte, to find a beauty where there is a number of faults; or a fault among a number of beauties. It is then to prove my own taſte that I have pointed out two trifling errors, which are certainly ſurrounded by a crowd of prettineſſes. "It was al-
"moſt dark when they returned to the
"caſtle;

"caſtle; and it is recorded by a crow,
"who was perched upon the top of one
"of the largeſt trees in the avenue, that
"young Franzel gave Cecil a kiſs be-
"hind it." Don't you like that turn?
Isn't it *pretty* and *new?*

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

TIBERIUS retired to Capreæ, as Frederick has done to Sans-souci. But the retreat of the Emperor was that of a Tyrant; the retreat of the King is that of a Philosopher.

Fid-
dle-
dee-
dee,
to fill
up the page.

LETTER XXIV.

A Frenchman," (1) says the Earl of Chesterfield, "who, with a "fund of learning, virtue, and good "sense, has the manners and good-"breeding of his country, is the per-"fection of human nature." I am not an enemy to the French; but I do not think this assertion true. In my opinion, the following would have been juster: *An Englishman, who joins manners and good-breeding to the solidity, energy, and greatness of mind, which characterize his*

(1) Letter LXXXVI.

country,

country, is the perfection of human nature.

I do not mean to compliment. But sentiments and actions are upon a more elevated scale here than can be found in any other nation in the world. There are no effects without causes; and the causes of this are very obvious. We pass our youth with the Greeks and Romans. Their great examples expand our souls; the brightness of their actions, and the splendour of their principles, kindle the most noble passions in our minds; and when we come to be men, the nature of our government feeds this flame, and we glow with a certain internal ardour, which occasionally breaks out into action, and which is neither known nor comprehended but in the dominions of Britain.

I do juſtice here to my country; and my ſoul feels happy, that I am able to give her, with truth, a ſuperiority over the univerſe in genius and magnanimity. But if from this I ſhall be underſtood to think meanly of the French, becauſe they are the rivals and enemies of this nation, it would indeed be to miſinterpret me much. Though I do not think that people *equal* to this in *greatneſs*, I think them a very great people. And if the Engliſh are ſuperior to the French in all the more elevated qualities which dignify and ennoble humanity; ſo the French ſurpaſs the Engliſh in all the milder and gentler virtues, which grace and adorn it.

In

In England the French have few friends. But they have *one*; and *that* one am I. They could not, I acknowledge, have a feebler advocate; but while I have a tongue to ſpeak, or a pen to write, wherever I go I'll do them juſtice.

Let every man who *knows* that nation ſpeak of it as he found it; if he lived in their intimacy for years (as I did), and if he found them ill-natured, ill-mannered, treacherous, and cowardly, let him ſpeak his mind. I quarrel with no man who judges for himſelf, and who ſpeaks the truth. But let the indulgence I grant, be granted to me again; and let me be permitted to tell the world, that,

that, however other men may have found them, I found them good-humoured, good-natured, brave, polished, frank and friendly.

They *were* my friends faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says they are *perfidious*;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am *to speak what I do know.*

I found them all animated with a desire to please, and always ready to do me every service in their power. I owe them a thousand obligations. I had faults; they corrected them: I wanted knowledge; they informed me: I was rough; they softened me: I was sick; they visited me: I was vain; they flattered me: I had need of counsel; they

gave me the beſt advice: every man has need of agreeable company, and every man may be ſure to find it in France.

I could be laviſh in praiſe of this nation; but I am ſorry to ſay, that too many people here have prejudices againſt them, as ridiculous as they are ill-founded. They *deſpiſe* the French as if they were beings without either ſenſe or ſentiment; though their writings and actions ſhew they are full of both. Becauſe two ſtates have different intereſts, is *that* a reaſon that every individual belonging to thoſe ſtates ſhould promote, to the utmoſt of his abilities, the intereſt and glory of the country to which he belongs? It certainly is. And *therefore*, every Frenchman has the ſame merit in

labouring

labouring with all his might for the destruction of the British fleet, that every Englishman has in exerting all *his* powers to annihilate the navy of France. If a blast of *my* breath could send all the ships she has to the bottom of the sea—Puff—They were sunk, before you could finish this period. But is it a reason I should hate or despise the French, because I am naturally and necessarily the enemy of France?

The best way I think to judge this matter is to take two other rival nations; Austria and Prussia; Athens and Sparta. Here you are dispassionate; your judgement will be just. Do you think it the duty of a liberal-minded Prussian to despise an Austrian? Or, should a well-

born Athenian deteſt a Lacedæmonian, becauſe he is equally animated by the ſame noble flame that warms himſelf, the love of his country? The nation which is able to rival another, proves herſelf worthy the admiration of that nation even by her rivality; and had I no other reaſon to conſider the French as a great people, beſide their being able to contend with England, that proof for *me* would be ſufficient.

But the French are perfidious *in politics.* I deny that they *can* be perfidious with the Engliſh. They may be (1) treacherous,

(1) It is the Dutch that merit theſe epithets. *They* are treacherous; *they* are perfidious; and deſerve, what they poſſeſs, the contempt of Europe.

cherous, for aught I know, with the Auſtrians and the Spaniards. There they profeſs friendſhip. They are of the ſame religion, frequently intermarry, and have frequent alliances. With England France has no connection. She may over-reach her in politics; but ſhe never can deceive her by perfidy; becauſe ſhe is her uniform enemy. There is not an infant that does not know, that France ever was, and ever will be, the

rope. They were *friends*; they were allies; bound to England by millions of ties. What does France owe to England? Nothing. But what does not Holland owe her? The part that France would take was foreſeen and foretold by hundreds, long before the American war broke out. But even the penetration of a Chatham could not foreſee the perfidy of the Dutch.

enemy of England. The making a peace is not making a friendſhip; and the French will not be more the friends of England when this peace is made, than they were five years before the war began; or than they are now. The rivality between the two nations will laſt while the nations laſt. They are *littora littoribus contraria*, oppoſite in every thing. It is the duty of France to depreſs England as much as ſhe can. It is the duty of England to keep down France as much as is in her power. It is the duty of both to do juſtice to the other. This juſtice the French *do* render the Engliſh. I am ſorry I cannot ſay the Engliſh do the ſame by them. Every claſs of men in France praiſe the people

of this country: some, the solidity of their understanding, and the extent of their genius; others, the energy and vigour of their character; many, their magnanimity and benevolence; and all, their courage and good faith. While here—but I blush for numbers, and am ashamed to finish my period.

LETTER XXV.

IT is incredible with what eaſe they kill the French in London, and the Engliſh in Paris. Admiral Rodney was killed three times in one month while I was there; once it was by a cannon-ball; another time his ſhip was ſunk; and the third ſhe was blown out of the water, by a red hot bullet fired by Monſieur de Guichen into her powder-room. I heard a Frenchman ſay to another; *L'Ammiral Rodney a été tué hier dans le Journal de Paris. C'eſt vrai*, ſaid the other, *mais il eſt reſſuſcité ce matin dans le Courier de l'Europe.*

However,

However, even the common people there never ſay any thing contemptuous againſt this nation, even when they imagine they have obtained a victory. Whoever relates the news, never fails to ſay, *Les Anglois ſe battoient bien*; and ſome one always remarks upon that; *Oui, ces Anglois ſe battent comme des Lions.*

Here they hold a very different language, which is impolitic as well as untrue. They diminiſh their own glory, when they depreciate their antagoniſts. An eagle has no merit in killing a thruſh; he has great merit if he kills a vulture. The truth is, there are not braver officers in the world than the French, nor men who

know

know their duty better, particularly their engineers. If the ſoldiers and ſailors were as good as the officers, that nation would be invincible. They by no means want ſpirit, for they fight very well for a ſhort time, and are the firſt men in Europe for a *coup de main*. But their bodies are weak; they are not able to ſupport themſelves long; and I make no doubt that forty Engliſhmen would beat fifty of them in an engagement which laſted for any length of time. I remember a Pruſſian General telling me at Berlin, the French were never able to bear rain.

If you aſk why the French are weaker than the Engliſh, I anſwer, they are more

ſlightly made, and worſe fed. If thoſe reaſons do not appear to you to be ſufficient, I know no better. But I know that if there were two horſes whoſe ſpeed was equal for a quarter of a mile, and if one of them had more bone and ſinew than the other, and had been better fed from the time he was foaled, I ſhould bett great odds in his favour if they were to run four miles.

I have met many men here who ſay the French are not a manly people. They do not, indeed, leap five-barred gates well; nor are they famous for plunging into a river in the month of February after a fox. They are not educated to this. But I will venture to ſay, they

they face a man, and enter a breach, with as much intrepidity as any men living.

Others tell you the young men are insupportable puppies. That there are a great many of them who deserve that character, is indisputable. But they really do not possess it exclusively. I have seen in London (without flattery be it spoken) as insupportable puppies as ever I saw at Paris. In strict justice, I believe I might say *more* insupportable, for they have not near so much puppical merit as the French.

But the great clamour against them is for perfidy. I have already said, I do not think they *can* be perfidious to us. However, I give them up as Politicians.

Perhaps

Perhaps what is said of them on that ground is true. I will not be positive. I do not *know* them as a political nation. I know them only as a *social* people; and as a social people they have no *equal*.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

We muſt all die.

"I Have of late, but wherefore I
"know not, loſt all my mirth,
"foregone all cuſtom of exerciſes; and,
"indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſ-
"poſition, that this goodly frame, the
"earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promon-
"tory; this moſt excellent canopy the
"air, this majeſtical roof fretted with
"golden fire, why it appears no other
"thing to me, than a foul and peſtilen-
"tial congregation of, &c." Hamlet had the vapours ſometimes. I had them yeſterday.

yeſterday. But *he* had a reaſon, for he tells it to Roſincrantz.

"HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

"Ros. How can that be, when you "have the voice of the King himſelf for "your ſucceſſion in Denmark?

"HAM. Ay, but *while the graſs grows* "—the proverb is ſomewhat muſty.

All laſt night I ſaw nothing but coffins, church-yards, men hanging, and oceans of blue devils floating about me. Pray, Ma'am, have you ever any of theſe diabolical viſitations?—And what do you do to cure yourſelf? I'll tell you *my* ſecret. If the fit be a light one, I drink orangeade or lemonade, I read a lively book, take a ride, go into ſome public place of amuſement,

amuſement, or into (1) agreeable com pany. If the fit is ſtrong, and that the world and every thing looks black and gloomy, as it did yeſterday—Now, I ſuppoſe, you think I take the ſame preſcription, only doubling the doſe. By no means. To diſſipate very diſmal images, there is no medicine ſo ſure, as viſiting a priſon or an hoſpital, or reading Young's Night-Thoughts. At firſt ſight, one would imagine this would increaſe the diſorder. I anſwer with my life, that it is an infallible cure.

(1) By agreeable com pany, I mean where I am flattered. I am very fond of flattery; and can bear as much of it as if I was a woman or an author.

Philo-

Philosophers, perhaps, will talk of *tacit comparisons*, &c. Let them find the cause; I assert the fact.

P. S. I never had the vapours all the time I was in France.

LETTER XXVII.

WOMEN are a ſubject upon which ſo much has been ſaid and written by ſo many men of abilities, that it is not eaſy to imagine a new light to ſhew them in; or to place them in an attitude, in which they have not been already placed. But, talking of a nation, if one did not ſay ſomething about ſo conſiderable a part of it, the ſubject muſt appear mutilated and imperfect.

As brevity is the ſoul of wit, I ſhall be brief; and I ſhall only touch on the principal points in which the women of

France

France differ from those of other countries.

When a French lady comes into a room, the first thing that strikes you is, that she walks better, holds herself better, has her head and feet better dressed, her cloaths better fancied, and better put on, than any woman you have ever seen.

When she talks, she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her language is the language of amiableness; her accents are the accents of grace. She embellishes a trifle; she interests upon a nothing; she softens a contradiction; she takes off the insipidness of a compliment by turning it ele-

gantly; and, when she has a mind, she sharpens and polishes the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world.

Her eyes (1) sparkle with spirit; the most delightful sallies flash from her fancy; in telling a story, she is inimitable; the motions of her body, and the accents of her tongue, are equally genteel and easy; an equable flow of softened sprightliness keeps her constantly good-humoured and chearful; and the only objects of her life are to please, and to be pleased.

Her vivacity may *sometimes* approach to folly; but perhaps it is not in her

(1) It is as rare to see *sparkling* eyes in England, as it is to see *glistening* eyes in France.

moments

moments of folly she is least interesting and agreeable. English women have many points of superiority over the French; the French are superior to them in many others. I have mentioned some of those points in other places. Here I shall only say, there is a particular idea in which no woman in the world can compare with a French-woman; it is in the power of *intellectual irritation*. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the chords of self love, that she gives unexpected vigour and agility to fancy; and electrifies a body that appeared non-electric.

I have mentioned here the women of England; and I have done wrong. I did not intend it when I began the Let-

ter. They came into my mind as the *only* women in the world worthy of being compared with those of France. To settle the respective claims of the fair sex in those two countries, requires an abler pen than mine. I shall not dare to examine it even in a single point; nor presume to determine whether, in the important article of beauty, form and colour are to be preferred to expression and grace, or whether grace and expression are to be considered as preferable to complexion and shape. I shall not examine whether the *piquant* of France is to be thought superior to the *touchant* of England; or whether deep sensibility deserves to be preferred to animation and wit. So important a subject requires a

volume.

volume. I ſhall only venture to give a trait. If a goddeſs could be ſuppoſed to be formed, compounded of Juno and Minerva, that goddeſs would be the emblem of the women of this country. Venus, as ſhe is, with all her amiableneſſes and imperfections, may ſtand, juſtly enough, for an emblem of French women. I have decided the queſtion without intending it; for I have given the preference to the women of England.

One point I had forgotten; and it is a material one. It is not to be diſputed on; for what I am going to write is the opinion and ſentiment of the univerſe. The Engliſh women are the beſt WIVES under heaven—and ſhame be on the men who make them bad huſbands!

As the following Letter relates only to myself, and my private concerns, the reader would not do ill to paſs it: however, if he will *read it, it is at his own peril.*

LETTER XXVIII.

I BELIEVE I muſt go back to France; for *there* people ſaid I had a little knowledge, and a little ſenſe. *Here* I am told, in very plain terms, in print, that I am an *ignorant dunce*. But do, my deareſt, worthieſt brethren, tell me how have I incurred your diſpleaſure? What have I done to excite your

indignation? I never wrote againſt any of *you*. I never ſhall; not even in my own defence; though you ſhould continue to perſecute me with augmented acrimony.

A Prophet, it has long been ſaid, *never has any honour in his own country*. Worthy Sirs, permit me to inform you that I am *not* in my own country; and I ſhould take it as a very particular favour, if you would have the goodneſs to treat me as a ſtranger.

This, Gentlemen, is really the true point of view to conſider me in; for I am but a paſſenger. In three weeks I quit England, never, probably, to ſee it again. I conjure you then, by all that is gentle

gentle and good-humoured, to let me sleep in peace for one-and-twenty days.

It is *your* cause I plead; and not my own. When I return to Dublin, leave it in my power to say, that every other country I saw, swarmed with (1) low malevolent writers; but that there was a vein of nobleness which ran through Englishmen *so universally*, that I was not able to find among them an envious author.

There is praise enough in the world for us all. You have had *your* periods of success; or *certainly will* have them. Leave me in quiet a month; *a little month*; and I shall be forgotten

(1) I mean low in soul.

as much as you are. What I have done, every man may do; for, I declare to you, the greateſt merit I ſee in myſelf is, that I have avoided *impiety*, *indecency*, and *perſonal ſatire*.

If you knew *all*, you would not envy me the little momentary pleaſure I enjoy. *I have dearly bought it.* Nor are my ſucceſſes ſo very brilliant as you ſeem to imagine. My French Letters have not had the ſmalleſt ſucceſs. I have been obliged to give two ſhillings a volume to get ſome of them off my hands. I mean, that I have been forced to get them elegantly bound; and, even in their fine binding, there were people who almoſt refuſed to accept them, ſo univerſally had they heard them decried.

My

My Italian Book—*Tread lightly o'er the aſhes of the dead.* It is fairly departed this life. But one copy of it has ſold *here* in the ſpace of ten months. Binding itſelf could not get that diſpoſed of for me (1).

Neither of the Tranſlations has ſucceeded; and what have I to boaſt of? Why, that one poor little volume, the laſt I wrote, pleaſes a few perſons of

(1) The fate of thoſe books would have broke my heart, I believe, if there had not been ſix hundred of the French Letters ſold in France in four weeks; and if I had not ſeen in the Critical Review of January, that there was a new anſwer come out to the Italian Book at Paris. That was *the fourth.* There were three publiſhed in Italy before.

taſte

taſte and parts. To ſucceed once in ſix times, is not prodigious; and if *this* happens to be received with ſome ſmall degree of favour, there will ſtill remain two-thirds of my works, which, you ſee, are literally good for nothing.

I aſk your pardons a thouſand and a thouſand times for not having entreated your indulgence in my preface. I *moſt humbly* entreat it *now*. I do not aſk impoſſibilities: I do not ſeek your praiſe. I only ſupplicate your ſilence: I only deprecate your wrath.

P. S. I have taken advantage of that ineſtimable bleſſing, the liberty of the preſs, to ſay *civil truths* to ſome individuals. Others have taken advantage of

it

it to ſay very *rude and cruel* (1) *falſehoods* againſt me. I have not anſwered one. I never ſhall anſwer one. As I ſuppoſe I am frequently in error in my writings,

(1) Not ſatisfied with calling me a *dunce* and a *fool*, they have attacked my moral character. This is carrying raillery a little too far. However, I ſhall fight them, with the only weapons that become my profeſſion—with moderation and patience.

It is impertinent either for me or any body elſe to trouble the public with the private character of an obſcure individual. I ſhall not, therefore, treſpaſs on the patience of my reader with defending myſelf. If any man ſhould have a reaſon to wiſh to be informed of my morals, he may learn them from the Earl of Briſtol, from Mr. Pery Speaker of the Houſe of Commons of Ireland, and from his brother the Biſhop of Killala. Theſe are known to be as virtuous characters as any in the King's dominions. They all *know* me, and *patronize* me, not for any paltry talent I may poſſeſs, but for the qualities of my heart.

I ſhould

I ſhould be glad to receive all public and private criticiſms, which are not abuſive; and I ſhould endeavour to profit by them. As a writer, I think I have *ſome* merit; otherwiſe I ſhould not publiſh. I may very poſſibly deceive myſelf groſsly. A candid and impartial public *alone* can determine. To it's deciſion I ſubmit with the moſt perfect humility and———

O Lord! it is time to go to bed: the watchman cries Three. *Gentle* Reader, good night. How many (1) laborious creatures of us are there, at this inſtant, all over the world,

Sleepleſs ourſelves, to give our readers ſleep!

(1) I *do* labour; that's certain. There is a Letter in this collection which coſt me ſix weeks.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

ONE night that I was at the Opera at Paris, I entered into converſation with three gentlemen that ſat near me in the amphitheatre. It was in the beginning of the war with America; and one of them aſked me whether the Americans were as poliſhed as the Engliſh? I replied, *O mon Dieu, Non, Monſieur: Ils ſont trop eloignés de la France.* He anſwered directly, *Monſieur, vous penſez comme un Anglois, & vous parlez comme un François.* Says the ſecond to the third, *Il eſt aimable*; and ſays the third to the ſecond, *Il a de l'eſprit.*

My

My anſwer was only a civil truth: I did not think of it when I made it; but I thought a great deal of its effect afterwards. There was the good will of three men gained by a ſingle phraſe.

Sterne, ſpeaking of one or two ſuch incidents that happened to him, ſays, "It was a diſhoneſt commerce." What's a diſhoneſt commerce? Is it truth that is diſhoneſt? or is it civility? I ſhall never ſee any thing diſhoneſt in either. Every man's firſt duty is to himſelf; and that duty tells him he ſhould ſpeak *but* truth. His next is to his neighbour; and that duty obliges him to be civil. By being ſo, he gives pleaſure; and every innocent pleaſure does good. Suppoſe a man has an equal opportunity of ſaying

an agreeable or a disagreeable truth. What is his duty? By all means, to suppress the unpleasing one, and to say the other. Is there any law of God or man against saying a civil truth? I know of none. Is there any law of God or man against saying a disagreeable truth? There is of both. It is not "doing as you would be done by." The Scripture in many places enforces politeness as a duty. "Be gentle, be "patient, be courteous." What are all those but so many branches of politeness?

It is pleasant enough to bring sincerity into this account, and to consider it as violated by being joined to civility. These are indeed very singular ideas; and,

and, what is perhaps to be lamented, they are very common. There are many people will find flattery in my answer. They mistake. I had no view. I countenanced no vice or folly in the person I addressed; I discharged the duty I owed to myself by speaking truth; and that which I owed to another man by speaking civilly.

It is falsely imagined that the French are a nation of flatterers. Politeness flatters every body; they are polite; and in that sense of the word they *are* flatterers. But in the general bad sense of the term they deserve no title less than that (1). A flatterer is no where more despised

(1) In Letter XXIV. speaking of the French, I said, "I was vain; they flattered me." I

deſpiſed, nor more avoided, than in France. He is juſtly looked upon as a mean, and as a deſigning character. If they are convinced he has an honeſt ſoul, he is conſidered at beſt as an inſipid man. It is the phraſe of the country, "*C'eſt un adulateur, un homme fade.*" Are then diſagreeable truths never to be ſpoken? Never, but when a perſon's poſitive opinion is demanded; and then

wrote that phraſe only to anticipate the reader's epigram. I was ſure, if *I* did not make it, *he* would.

When flattery encourages vice or folly, or means to deceive, it is odious. When it means only to give innocent pleaſure, by ſaying agreeable truths, it then becomes a virtue. It is the grand *elixir vitæ*; a real cordial to the ſoul; and a better cure for the vapours than ever was diſcovered by any phyſician from Hippocrates to Heberden.

the direct truth ſhould be pronounced in as ſoft words as the language will afford.

You may aſk, perhaps, if I really thought the French the models of politeneſs. I really *did*, and really *do*. Every country that I ſaw appeared to me to be poliſhed in proportion to it's nearneſs to France, or in proportion to it's imitation of French manners. Milan, for example, is infinitely more poliſhed than Naples. And Vienna, within theſe laſt twenty years, as I was well informed on the ſpot, has improved infinitely in manners as it has adopted the uſages of the French.

P. S. I like your ſtyle; it is natural and ſpirited; neither naked, nor loaded with ornaments.

LETTER XXX.

MANY people say travel is useless; many more say it is pernicious. I never knew any person who had travelled an enemy to travel; and I do not think that any one else can judge.

But what can be the use of it, say they? May not not a man eat, drink, sleep, perform all the animal functions of life, and be a very honest worthy character, without ever visiting France or Italy? He may; not only without seeing Italy or France, but without ever learning to read.

The

The principal objection is, that a young man's morals will be corrupted. Were this assertion to be advanced by an inhabitant of a village in Switzerland, or by a father in a very remote provincial town of England, who never meant that his son should quit the place of his birth, I should readily acquiesce with him. But to imagine that there is more vice in any capital in Europe than there is in London, is indeed a very mistaken notion.

The three chief rocks on which youth is wrecked, are women, wine, and play. A drunkard is a character unknown in France. If a man, only flushed with liquor, came into company, the men would look coldly on him, and the wo-

men would not ſpeak to him. That door would never be opened to him again. Drinking is conſidered as a vice ſo low and diſguſting, that it is held in contempt even by the common people. That vice then a man could never learn there. If he were unhappy enough to be addicted to it, and had any ſenſe of ſhame, travel would be a very probable means to cure him.

I have known Engliſhmen abroad loſe a great deal of money at play; but nine times in ten it was playing with Engliſhmen. If a man has that vice conſtitutionally, and brings it from home with him, he will ſeek houſes of play; which, by the way, are infinitely leſs numerous there than here. If he ſeeks bad

bad company, he may find it every where; and if he gets into a playing ſet in France, he may be ſure to be plundered without mercy. Pretty women and deep ſharpers (ſome of them men of rank) labour together to heat his head, while they keep theirs cool; and when they deprive him of his underſtanding, which they always effect by one means or another, they maſſacre him without compaſſion (1). But I repeat

(1) Pray, ſaid an Italian to me, did you ever play? Yes, formerly.—Did you loſe?—Almoſt always.—Well, ſays he, I will give you two rules, which will prevent your ever loſing again. Firſt, never play with people you don't know; and ſecondly, never play with people you *do* know.

I recommend this Italian's *two* rules to every young traveller with all my ſoul; but by play, I do not mean games of commerce with women of faſhion.

it,

it, theſe houſes are ſcarce, and no man will get into them that does not ſeek them.

To ſay the truth, in point of gaming, the Engliſh corrupt the French, rather than the French the Engliſh. Witneſs horſe-racing which they have introduced among them. Gaming, indeed, is a national vice in England; the common people are continually making betts; and it is a trait by which an Engliſhman is remarked abroad, that when he is preſſed in an argument, he always ſupports himſelf by *Je parie que ſi*; to which a Frenchman, who has not generally ſo much money to riſk, anſwers with a gentle air, *Non, Monſieur, Je ne parie pas.*

As

As to women—I muſt tell a ſtory upon that: I was one night at a ſupper in Paris, where there was a German Baron juſt arrived from his own country. He was pretty dull, and very pert; and a Wit who undertook to *perſifler* him, and to divert the company at his expence, aſked him, among other queſtions; "Pray, Sir, are there any women in Germany?" The Baron anſwered with grave eagerneſs, that there were a great many. I think one might aſk the ſame queſtion of a perſon who objected to a young man's travelling for fear of the fair-ſex; "Pray, Sir, are there any women in London?"

Do I then aſſert that there is no danger from women abroad? I do *not*. Do

I aſſert

I assert that there is *little* danger from them? I *do*. Danger, like every thing else, is relative; and I do affirm very positively, that a young Englishman will be in infinitely less danger from French or Italian women, than he will be from English women. What the reason of it is, I shall not pretend to say; but it is a certain truth, that young Englishmen in general do not like the women of France or Italy. They do not care to have any commerce at all with the Italian women, and very little with the French. As far as I could observe, they agreed much better with the Ladies of Germany.

Pleasing in conversation abroad depends on two points: one, expressing

agreeable

agreeable ideas with eaſe and elegance; the other, reliſhing the delicacy of wit, and of expreſſion of the perſon with whom you converſe. In theſe two articles, the young traveller is totally deficient. He has never thought of looking for agreeable ideas; he expreſſes himſelf with difficulty; and he never thinks of the language of the perſon who ſpeaks to him. He looks only for the idea. The idea will often be common, good for nothing; but there will be a *fineſſe* and a grace in the expreſſion of a Frenchwoman, that will charm a man of the country, and which a foreigner ſcarce ever feels. Their converſation then ſoon becomes diſagreeable to each other; their taſtes in every thing are oppoſite;

and

and ſo long he will pleaſe, and ſo long only, as he ſupports himſelf by dint of preſents. This is a mortifying commerce, and it ſoon diſguſts him.

In all this I have ſuppoſed a young man his own maſter, which no young man ought to be. If he has a perſon to take care of him who knows his duty, it is next to impoſſible that he can get into any vice, unleſs he was corrupted before he left home, or unleſs he is naturally very ill-diſpoſed.

I always keep my ſtrongeſt argument for the laſt; and I mention now, in ſupport of what I have advanced, *poſitive fact*. I aſſert that young Engliſh-men are *not* corrupted by travel. Let any man recollect, among the number of his

travelled

travelled acquaintance, what they were before they went abroad; and what they were at their return. He will ſee on that ſurvey that there is not one in a hundred who has not been a poſitive (1) gainer; and among the very ſmall number who have miſcarried, he knows that that they were not well-diſpoſed before they left home. I declare, that during the time I was abroad, I knew and heard of near three hundred Engliſhmen, of whom there were but two that miſbe-

(1) I could name ſeveral young Engliſhmen who did honour to their country abroad, by their morals and manners, and who all profited conſiderably by travel; as, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Yorke, Lord Herbert, Lord Graham, and Lord John Clinton. I ſaw many others, but theſe appeared to me the firſt in merit, as well as the firſt in rank.

haved. They were both dissolute before they left England; one of them particularly addicted to wine; the other to play. I do not wish to mention any name disadvantageously; and I wish less to mention theirs, because they were both men of high rank, and are neither of them now living.

That there is now and then a man corrupted in foreign countries, is what I believe; that the number is exceedingly small, is a point of which I am firmly persuaded. I do not, however, decide on this more than on any other subject. I assert positively only what fell within the compass of my own knowledge; for the rest I appeal to every man's experience.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

AND the advantages of travel, what are they? They are many and great. First, virtue and honour are out of the queſtion. If a man has not his principles fixed before he travels, he will never have any during his life. No man was ever ſent abroad to learn proper ſentiments. Every perſon well born is ſuppoſed to have thoſe inculcated into him from his infancy. When he looks on the world with the eye of a man of ſenſe, he will be confirmed in his good principles, for he will ſee in every country in Europe, that a man of honour and

virtue is esteemed and respected, and that a vicious character is avoided and despised.

The great objects of travel are to form the manners, to acquire knowledge, to strengthen the judgement, and to refine and enrich the imagination. A young man, by being in company of people of the highest rank, Princes and Princesses, Kings and Queens, acquires a habit of respectfulness and ease, a possession of himself, and a degree of polished attention for others, that renders him highly amiable and interesting. Politeness is not one of the cardinal virtues; but it is the very first of those of the second order. It is, if I may so say, the younger sister of Humanity, and contributes infinitely

nitely to the happineſs of ſociety. In a a certain degree it reſembles Mercy; "It "is twice bleſſed; it bleſſeth him that "gives, and him that takes." Every one feels a pleaſure in giving pleaſure to others; and what pleaſes all the world more than being treated with politeneſs?

Life is crowded with ſorrow and calamity. Can a man have too many ſources of innocent pleaſure, to ſoothe his ſufferings, and to render his pilgrimage here as little painful as poſſible? The pleaſures of the ſenſes cannot always be gratified. How happy then to be able to enjoy thoſe of the imagination! There are few men who do not feel a certain

pleaſure in looking at a beautiful horſe. If then a man can acquire a degree of pleaſure in looking at the picture of that horſe, does he not multiply his enjoyments? A taſte for the arts can ſcarce be acquired but in Italy; and every new taſte is a new ſource of delight. The number of beautiful images, both from art and nature, with which a man enriches his fancy, is incredible to thoſe who have not ſeen Rome and the kingdom of Naples.

I need not ſay any thing in favour of a taſte for Letters; for there is no country in Europe in which claſſical learning is ſo juſtly or ſo highly eſteemed as in England. If then Greek and Latin

merit

merit ten years attention, ſurely French and Italian merit ſome months. But they, you will ſay, may be acquired here. To a certain degree, and with much time and labour, they may. But do you think that a Frenchman can get as juſt an idea of Milton at Paris, or an Italian of Shakſpeare at Rome, from reading thoſe poets with ſome forlorn outcaſt of England, as he could at London, after he had learned to ſpeak the language, and had an opportunity of converſing on what he had read with perſons of taſte and knowledge? Believe me, a man will underſtand Racine and Taſſo by ſix months reading and converſation at Paris and at Rome, better than he would by ſo many years ſtudy

of them at home; and much better than it is poſſible for him ever to underſtand Homer and Sophocles.

As the fancy can only acquire poliſh and delicacy from contemplating a variety of images; ſo the judgement can only obtain a certain degree of accuracy and ſtrength from repeated compariſons. A man cannot have but by travel ſuch a number of occaſions for exerciſing his judgement, nor in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time. Every day gives him new ideas; every converſation rectifies ſome notion in his head. Books give ſome knowledge. But clear and certain knowledge is not to be had but by experience. An author never can give but partial ideas. It is impoſſible for him to

preſent every face of a ſubject, be his talents what they may. If he attempted it, he muſt be minute to a degree that would kill his reader; and even after that, his labour would be vain. The thing is impoſſible. I never read a deſcription that gave me a juſt idea of the thing deſcribed. My fancy worked upon my author's words. I formed an image to myſelf. I ſaw the object after. My image was always falſe. I read my author over again; he had ſaid nothing but truth. Twenty volumes written on Mount Veſuvius, would never give a man ſo clear an idea of it as a morning's excurſion from Portici. The Bay of Naples and St. Peter's church cannot be

deſcribed. No man without living with the French can have an idea of French politeneſs.

As to having a juſt notion of the character of a nation, I defy any man breathing to collect it from books. Some general poſitive ideas he may have; particular ones he cannot. Nations are diſcriminated from each other by ſhades and tints, that evade the power of language. The French are a mild people; the Italians are a mild people. No two ideas differ more than French and Italian mildneſs. The Italians are reſerved, the Engliſh are reſerved. Yet light pink-colour does not differ more from crimſon, than the reſerve of an Engliſhman does

does from the reſerve of an Italian. What is the difference? Let thoſe deſcribe it that can. I can not. It is a tint, a ſhade; language cannot paint it. It muſt be ſeen, to be felt; and when it is felt, it cannot be deſcribed.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

BUT it is uſeleſs to diſpute, unleſs we agree on principles. Do you admit that this line,

"The proper ſtudy of mankind is man,"

contains juſt and ſolid ſenſe. If you do *not*, there is an end of our argument. If you *do*, I may ſafely affirm that a man learns to know the world better by a few years travel, than he can by a number of years ſpent at home. At home his faculties often ſleep; abroad they are always awake. The great variety of characters that paſs through his hands, keeps

keeps his parts continually in exerciſe. He is perpetually ſtudying even without thinking that he is ſtudying. The variety of compariſons he has occaſion to make, gives a ſurpriſing quickneſs and juſtneſs to his diſcernment. He lives much in little time. He acquires experience early and with eaſe. He learns to ſet a juſt value upon men, and to diſtinguiſh their different degrees of merit. Every hour lets in new light on his mind. He judges to-day; he finds to-morrow his judgement was erroneous. That teaches him diffidence of himſelf; and makes him leſs haſty in determining again, and more acute in ſeeking ſurer grounds to decide on, than thoſe he had believed before to be ſufficient. He

finds

finds a tone, a change of countenance, a ſudden word, to be ſurer indications of a man's inſide, than long ſet ſpeeches, or laboured diſſertations. He learns to judge when a man is natural, and when he is acting a part. He learns to read the ſoul through the eye, and to interpret the language of ſilence.

If all this be true, ſay you, travellers ought to be prodigies. All this *is* true, but Nature furniſhes materials for few prodigies. My aſſertions go no farther than to ſay, that natural faculties are brought to their higheſt degree of perfection in a quicker and ſurer manner by travel than by any other human means. And if it be certain that the perfection is quickened, the combining and compar-

ing

ing powers ſtrengthened, the judgement rendered more ſolid, the imagination more vigorous and active, the taſte refined, the manners poliſhed, and the underſtanding ſtored with new and clear ideas, I believe *that* is ſufficient to make us conclude, that every *man of* (1) *parts*, who

(1) The word *parts* is a plural. It implies a number of ſingulars; which I take to be perception, judgement, memory, imagination, powers of combining and comparing, &c. As imagination is the rareſt, moſt ſhining, and moſt delightful of theſe ſeveral powers, by a *man of parts* is generally meant, a man who poſſeſſes this ſingle faculty in an eminent degree.

It is pretty evident that thoſe who are peculiarly gifted by nature will gain *moſt* by travel; but every man of good common ſenſe, who wiſhes to improve himſelf, will profit amazingly by it. I do not dare here to advance ſo violent a paradox;

who is able to afford it, ought to make the tour of Europe.

It has not been my intention to enumerate *all* the advantages of travel; but only to throw out ſome looſe and rapid hints of what ſtruck myſelf moſt ſtrongly. Many ſuperior writers have treated this ſubject with depth and elegance; and if you deſire more particular information, I muſt refer you to them.

paradox; but I am firmly perſuaded in my own ſoul, that one may give almoſt any man parts by *Education*. EDUCATION, EDUCATION, EDUCATION.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

A Young traveller ought to ſee, that is, to dwell on, only the capital works of every kind in every country he viſits. The French and Italian languages are full of books. He ought only to read the beſt writings of the beſt authors. The number of pictures in Europe is infinite; he ought to ſtudy about a hundred of them. Statues are alſo in crowds; he ſhould examine fifty of them with attention. The ſame in every thing elſe. But the grand point for him is company. It ought to be confined to two claſſes; people of a certain rank,

and

and perſons of merit. If he does not do all this preciſely as it is written here, it is poſitively either his own fault, or his governor's.

A great deal indeed depends upon the governor. All uſeful and elegant knowledge is ſurrounded by a quantity of rubbiſh. It is a governor's duty to clear away this rubbiſh, and to ſave his pupil the diſagreeable taſk of toiling through it himſelf. That procures a double advantage to the pupil; he learns quickly, and he learns with eaſe. To inſtance in Letters. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire have written a number of plays. There are about fifteen of them worth reading. The governor ſhould point out thoſe fifteen. The ſame in Sculpture and in

Painting.

Painting. He ſhould know how to produce his pupil in company, to ſupport him in it, and to ſet his beſt qualities in their moſt favourable point of view. If he cannot do this, a governor is rather a clog than an advantage to a young nobleman; and a faithful domeſtic, who would be attentive to his maſter's health, would be *as* uſeful, and *leſs* expenſive.

But you will ſay, will people of rank and men of ſuperior talents be troubled with a raw young traveller? That, I anſwer for it, they will in every town in Europe; and I ſpeak from experience. They will think his company no trouble, but a pleaſure. They will receive him with open arms, make allowance for his inexperience, load him with careſſes, and

think themſelves happy to poliſh his manners and enlighten his underſtanding. And what do they demand on his part? Nothing but plain civility, a modeſt deportment, and a marked deſire to ſeek their company, and to improve by it. I repeat it, I ſpeak from experience: I ſaw a number of young travellers of different nations, and I ſaw every ſociety, both of the great, and of men of letters, receive them all in proportion to their merits. Youth has ſo much in it's favour, and foreigners are ſo amiable, that it is abſolutely every man's own fault, and more particularly an Engliſhman's, who does not ſucceed in their ſociety. I ſay, it is more the fault of Engliſhmen than of any other tra-

vellers, if they do not ſucceed, becauſe there is not a country in Europe that is not prejudiced in their (1) favour.

I dare

(1) I have already ſaid that the reputation which the Engliſh have eſtabliſhed abroad, for integrity and honour, makes people never heſitate about receiving them into their houſes. When they condeſcend to be a little amiable (which by the way does not always happen) foreigners are flattered even to pay their court to them. I remember at Rome, ten or a dozen Princes and Princeſſes, and indeed all the firſt people of the town, uſed to come to Lady Lucan's once a week during her ſtay there. And at Naples, Lady Hamilton uſed to be courted by the firſt Nobility, though ſhe very ſeldom returned any of their viſits, on account of the weak ſtate of her health. It was not on account of the ſuperior talents of theſe Ladies; becauſe Lady Lucan paints, and becauſe Lady Hamilton plays on the harpſichord, better than any two women in

I dare not mention so insignificant an atom as myself, nor should I presume to do it, were it not to render justice to the goodness of the persons who loaded me with civilities abroad; and to prove how little merit is necessary, to be well received. I had not youth to recommend me; I had neither a splendid rank, nor an ample fortune; I was awkward and ugly: I had no single merit but that of being a well-natured character, and of shewing a desire to please, and to improve myself; and I was received, I may say, with distinction, by the first societies, and by some of the first Personages in Europe.

Europe; it was simply because they were *English* Ladies, and shewed a desire to know the people of those two cities.

Bon

Bon Ton is a complex idea like beauty. It consists of a number of parts. One of the most essential of these parts is language. As French is universally spoken, it is necessary for a young traveller to learn to express himself with some degree of choice and elegance. Marmontel's Tales are the best book in the language to teach him *that*; it is the purest French, and nearly the language of the best company. Three months application to some of the best writers, under a proper person, and a good dancing-master to teach him a plain unaffected bow, will enable him to present himself with modest confidence in any society. Every visit then will increase his stock of knowledge and of ease; and he may be

sure

ſure after to make his tour with profit and *eclat*.

Every traveller ſhould begin with Paris, and end with Paris; becauſe he will there find the beſt maſters, the moſt enlightened men, and the moſt poliſhed people. It is the ſpot of the world where a man will beſt learn to render himſelf amiable. And does that appear to you to be of little importance?

I could ſay a great deal in favour of travel, but I am not fond of exhauſting my ſubject. One idea more I *will* mention, and that ſhall be the laſt. When an Engliſh traveller compares France with Italy, Holland with Switzerland, and Auſtria with Pruſſia, and gets a juſt notion of the poſitive and comparative

worths of these several nations, he will then compare them with his own country, and he will see upon what rank England stands in the scale of nations. He will then see what is the value of an individual in any given country. He will see what it is in his own. And *then*, and not *till* then, he will know his rank in the scale of beings; he will find that his early prejudices in favour of his country were founded upon truth; and, feeling his soul elated with a noble pride, he will exult in his superior dignity, and bless God that he was born an ENGLISHMAN.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM